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Diary of the Week.

On Tuesday, Montenegro fulfilled her traditional rôle as the harbinger of Balkan quarrels by a formal declaration of war against Turkey. The document was brief, and merely referred in general terms to "the numerous misunderstandings and conflicts" which her diplomacy had failed to settle. The procedure was unusual, in so far as no ultimatum had preceded it. There is much speculation as to whether King Nicholas acted by arrangement as the vanguard of the Balkan League. This is believed in Vienna, and in a proclamation to his troops, the King assures them of the support of all the allies. Vienna naturally inquires whether a Sovereign who has always been the pensioner of Russia could have taken this step without her leave. But there is some mystery as to the recent alignment of Montenegro among the Powers. She has seemed of late to be rather an Austrian than a Russian satellite. On the other hand, she is closely linked with Italy, and Italy in turn with Russia. It is just conceivable that Italy may have desired this step as a means of hastening peace in the Tripoli War. The treaty still awaits signature, though it is thought to be concluded on the basis of a *de facto* Italian sovereignty, the withdrawal of the Turkish troops, the

recognition of the Sultan as Kaliph, and the payment by Italy of an indemnity equivalent to the capitalised share of Tripoli in the Ottoman Debt.

HOSTILITIES have followed rapidly on the declaration of war. Some obscure movements are reported near Berane (where a hideous massacre lately occurred). The Turkish garrison is besieged by Montenegrins, but Albanians are said to have invaded Montenegrin territory. The Malissori, however, are definitely said to have joined the Montenegrins. The main operations are an advance on Scutari. The chief army of the little kingdom has taken some heights by artillery fire. A more conspicuous success appears to have been achieved in the capture of Detchich, near Podgoritz. The Turks have lost four guns, and the commander of the garrison was taken prisoner. The Montenegrins have advanced from this point on to Tuzi.

THE Montenegrin campaign can only be local. Some 50,000 Montenegrins will face a force of possibly 40,000 Turkish regulars, and each side will be aided by Albanian irregulars, Catholics and Moslems. If the Catholic Mirdites, whose attitude has been rather equivocal, should aid Montenegro, they may turn the scale in her favor. But, as no railway reaches this region, and the Turks cannot operate at sea, this campaign is necessarily isolated, and can have little effect on the general fortunes of the Balkan war. There is no sign as yet that Montenegro will risk an advance into Novi-Bazar to join hands with Serbia. That would be too direct a challenge to Austria, which has already shown uneasiness, is collecting her forces in Bosnia, and threatens an occupation of Novi-Bazar, whose partition between Serbia and Montenegro she will never allow. Berlin also appears to be suspicious of Russia, where the pan-slavist movement is again gathering head. In spite of the formal Concert, the whole European situation is unsettled and dangerous.

THE Powers, meanwhile, have made their representations at the Balkan capitals through Austria and Russia as their mandatories. The identic note (1) reprobates war, (2) promises to "take in hand" reforms on the basis of Article XXIII. of the Treaty of Berlin, but adds that this will require "collective study" on the part of the Powers, and (3) warns the League that no alteration will be tolerated in the territorial *status quo* of European Turkey as the result of war. The reprobation of war is morally worthless. It should have been addressed a year ago to Italy. The promise of reform is wholly vague, and the reference to collective study is merely an evidence that the Powers have no agreed plan in their minds. Equally useless is the threat to permit no territorial aggrandisement. The League asks only for Macedonian autonomy under a European guarantee.

SERBIA is reported to have replied to this remonstrance with a negative, and a comment that it comes too late. The Bulgarian official newspaper, "Mir," has written in the same sense. King George of Greece, however, in a public speech to the Athenian crowd, is

extremely non-committal, and Greece is thought to hesitate, despite the fact that Turkey has already committed an act of war by seizing Greek vessels in Turkish ports. The feeling of all the Balkan peoples is clearly for war, and the Bulgarian Prime Minister, M. Gueshoff, addresses an eloquent appeal to the "Daily News and Leader," entreating Liberal England not to forget Gladstone's work of emancipation, and declaring the only satisfactory solution to be the disappearance of direct Turkish rule in South-Eastern Europe. This seems conclusive of the Bulgarian attitude. King Ferdinand has left for the front, and the general opinion is that the apparent hesitation in Bulgarian plans is due only to a wish to complete the rapid and successful mobilisation before war is actually declared. Some details are given in the "Temps" regarding the Balkan League. It has a written basis, but there is no general treaty. Bulgaria is the pivot of the combination, and the four allies are linked individually to her and not collectively with each other. King Ferdinand will be nominally the generalissimo.

* * *

IN Turkey, meanwhile, the mobilisation is proceeding with ardor, and—if we may trust the correspondents under a censorship—with rapidity. The war-fever runs high, and the tone of the press is bellicose. But the Cabinet has announced its intention of reviving the thirty-year-old Law of the Vilayets, which was elaborated after the Treaty of Berlin in consultation with a European Commission, of which Lord Fitzmaurice was the most distinguished member. It is, however, to be revised, and will be subject to the approval of Parliament. No modern expert would regard it as a tolerable solution. It leaves the Porte to appoint officials, of whom a proportion would be tame Christians, and adds local representative councils, nominated to the extent of one-half by the Porte. Worst of all, it is to apply to every province of the Empire, which is as good as saying that Macedonia presents no special problem. At no point does it provide for European control or even supervision. Even so, the Young Turk organs have condemned this worthless concession.

* * *

FROM no British source has public opinion been informed of the part which British diplomacy has played in this crisis. From the outset the Turkish press has been prodigal in its gratitude to Sir Edward Grey, whom it hails as the only friend. The "Matin" and the "Temps" began immediately after M. Sazonoff's arrival in Paris to complain that he has delayed the Concert and helped to render it ineffective. Two precise charges are made. He is said to have vetoed any collective action at Constantinople, and substituted individual representations by the Powers severally. He also found the vague formula about reforms in the Note to the League too drastic, but ultimately accepted it. The "Times," from the first, has written in a pessimistic and fatalistic strain, as though it regarded war as inevitable and took no interest in the doings of the Concert. It is difficult to glean anything from the brief statement which Sir Edward Grey made to the Commons on Monday. He reprobated war, desired reforms, and added that Turkey recognised the need for them. But he gave no hint as to their nature. Later, on Thursday, he declined a question from Mr. Noel Buxton designed to elicit his approval of some species of autonomy for Macedonia. The Balkan Committee has published a strong manifesto of remonstrance.

WAR has had its usual effect of checking the development of home policy. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has postponed his campaign on the land question, which would have been opened at Swindon at the end of the month, mainly, we imagine, because the country cannot think of two things at once, and, absorbed in other people's quarrels, ignores all that belongs to its own peace. On the war, English opinion is as yet tepid and undecided. The Tory Press exhibits a slight and guarded adherence to Turkey. On the Liberal side, the old feeling for Eastern liberties and for small peoples, and the old Gladstonian view of the true settlement of South-East Europe, create a prevailing vein of sympathy with the federated States. This feeling will be heightened if the allies suffer reverses, and there are signs of similar tendencies in Russia. On the whole, opinion on both sides inclines to the view that the Foreign Office should have been in front rather than behind the Powers in demanding, not merely reforms in Macedonia, but guarantees for their execution. A more decided intervention would have pleased the more far-sighted partisans of Turkey, the advocates of the States, and the friends of peace.

* * *

THE Prime Minister made an adroit and spirited speech at Ladybank, which his party has received with marked favor. He declared the Ulster campaign to be the third great Tory blunder, following on the earlier errors of Protection and the obstruction of the Budget of 1909. It was fatal for Toryism to adopt the "complete grammar of anarchy," begun at Blenheim and developed at Ulster, for it invoked the "spirit of lawlessness, fed and fostered by a real or imaginary sense of injustice," and, in particular, robbed Conservatism of all defence against a violent retort by Irish Nationalists should Home Rule fail. It was also politically impracticable, for it repudiated either a separate treatment for Ulster, or an increase of the safeguards of the Bill, or the question of a further reference of Home Rule to the electorate. It was a threat to the Government and Parliament, which were not going to bow to it. Constitutionally, it was a claim of a small minority to exercise a *liberum veto* on legislation, to be enforced by civil war.

* * *

As for the Government, it would complete the task assigned it by the passage of the Parliament Act, paying no regard to by-elections which were fought on no issue before the Commons but merely on the Insurance Act. Regarding land policy, the Prime Minister repudiated the single tax, declared the Cabinet to be united, and added that its conclusions would be announced when they had been approved by the whole Cabinet, which did not include one supporter of the single tax. This attitude has been endorsed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who authorised Mr. Lambert to say that he had never been a single-taxer, and that he did not believe in regenerating any industry, least of all agriculture, merely by taxing it.

* * *

THE Government scheme for allotting time to the remaining stages of the Home Rule Bill proves to be a rather more drastic plan than that applied to the Bill of 1893. It is a mixed device of kangaroo closure and closure by compartments. Twenty-five days are assigned to the Committee stage, seven to report, and two to third reading. This gives fifty and a half days to the entire Bill against seventy-seven allotted to the Gladstone Bill. But it is fair to remember that the closure was only invoked in 1893, after a prolonged period of obstruction. The period is considerable, but it will, we are

afraid, be possible for the Opposition, which is purely obstructive, and hardly acts as a Constitutional party at all, to reduce the debates on some vital questions to very slight measure, and we shall, therefore, hope to see it broadened into a rather more generous provision. The calculation apparently is that the whole session is to be extended to the beginning of March.

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THE debate was opened on Thursday, the Prime Minister insisting not only that the "Bill shall pass into law within the lifetime of the present Parliament," but that the Government desired that it should be moulded into a "workable" shape. Unfortunately, the real desire of the Opposition was to make the Bill not better, but worse. He insisted that the time-allowance compared favorably with the period of discussion of capital measures like the first Reform Bill, the Irish Church Bill, the Land Bill of 1881, and the great Education Bill. Mr. Law's amendment declared that, under the partial suspension of the Constitution, discussion should be unrestricted.

* * *

THE chief feature of the debate was a series of challenges and counter-challenges on the Ulster question. The Opposition leader drew back from Carsonism, limiting the Ulster attitude to a declaration that she would not submit to Home Rule, "if passed under present conditions." But he gave no answer to Mr. Lloyd George's adroit question—would he counsel and induce Ulster to obey if a future election yielded a majority for Home Rule? Mr. Law replied that he would only answer if the Government, on their side, would give an election on that issue, which, of course, without any guarantee of a straight appeal on the Irish problem, or a pledge to accept its result, no Government could do. The division showed a majority for the Government—232 for the Law amendment, and 323 against.

* * *

THE autumn session opened quietly on Monday. The topics in the early part of the week were the new Board of Trade regulations for life-saving at sea and the Scottish Temperance Bill. The shipowners made a vigorous protest against the decision to provide enough lifeboats to save everybody on board passenger or emigrant ships, mainly on the ground that the provision was unnecessary, that it hampered the service of the ship, and that the real moral of the "Titanic" disaster was excessive speed in a dangerous area. Mr. Buxton, however, stood firm, and said that 80 per cent. of the mercantile marine had already set up boats enough for all on board, and it was now only a question of bringing the remaining 20 per cent. of ships up to this standard. The debates on the Temperance Bill, which came down from the Standing Committee, were chiefly notable for the rejection of a scheme of compulsory insurance for the Scottish liquor trade, which obtained some support from temperance reformers like Mr. Sherwell. It was, however, beaten by a majority of 141; and the third reading of the Bill was passed on Wednesday by 261 votes to 104.

* * *

In the House of Commons, on Wednesday, Mr. Acland made a statement on the Chinese loan affair. Two passages in that statement seem to indicate that the Six Powers intend to climb down a little. "There is no desire or intention," he said, "to maintain the Six-Power agreement for the purpose of attempting to enforce harsh or unreasonable conditions upon China." And he

added that "fair consideration" would be given to any amendments that China might suggest to the original loan conditions. These conditions he promised to publish. In fact, however, the more important of these conditions, namely those to which China objected, have already been published in New York, and reproduced in the English press, and there was certainly plenty of room for amendment in them. But will not the Government publish the terms of the secret diplomatic compact upon which the Six Power Syndicate itself is based? And what assurances did Russia and Japan exact? It was said quite openly at the time of the Paris Conference, that they related to the "special interests" of those two Powers in Manchuria and Mongolia and the limitation of Chinese military expenditure. In plain English, China was not to be allowed to spend any of the money she receives in strengthening her army, or in developing those "provinces" that have been marked out as Russian and Japanese.

* * *

WE are glad to see that the Government have adopted the motion for a Select Committee on the Marconi agreement. The reference is very wide, and includes an inquiry into the whole circumstances connected with the negotiation and completion of the agreement. The Committee is also to decide whether the bargain is a desirable one, and ought to be approved. This is quite satisfactory, and, though it may not at once put a stop to the malicious gossip which is afloat, provides the means of staying it. We have read Mr. W. R. Lawson's article on the agreement in the "National Review," and, so far as we can separate its exiguous facts from its abundant innuendo, the case against the agreement reduces itself to these points: (1) That a better bargain might have been made with the Marconi Co.; (2) that the Government followed the courts in taking a too favorable view of the value of its patents; (3) that other companies, such as the Lodge-Muirhead patentees, were rebuffed; (4) that Marconi has been given a monopoly; (5) that the bargain with the Government was made the occasion of a great gamble in Marconis, from which the public has suffered. Mr. Lawson does not explain how the Government could have prevented such a gamble, even if they had known anything about it. But the substantial question ought to be thrashed out, and there is now an ample tribunal for the purpose.

* * *

MR. BALFOUR is a master of the ironic method, and if an amateur of this form of criticism desires an exquisite treat, we can only commend him to Wednesday's speech on Mr. Churchill's proposal of county Parliaments. Nor will we spoil his enjoyment by indicating the delicate cruelty of the operation. It is a little masterpiece of its kind. And it is the kind of criticism which, whether we agree with it or not, Mr. Balfour can alone supply, and with the most surprising effects of humor and satirical analysis.

* * *

WE regret to record the death on Sunday night of Professor Skeat, the famous philologist and the first Professor of Anglo-Saxon at an English University. Students are indebted to him for his edition of "Piers Plowman" and his "Etymological Dictionary of the English Language." But the "Times" is correct in calling him a great etymologist rather than a great professor or a great Anglo-Saxon scholar. On the whole, his influence must be regarded as tending to emphasize the characteristic faults of English scholarship of the professorial type.

Politics and Affairs.

THE WAR AND THE CONCERT.

EVENTS have marched from the formation of a Balkan League through mobilisation to war with steady pace and an inevitable sequence. From the moment that the League was formed, the outcome might have been predicted. There is no place in such an association for the weaknesses, the prudences, the scruples which may cause a single Government to hesitate and compromise until the favorable moment for action is past. A nation cannot afford to seem timorous to its partners, and such a confederation moves to the assault with a social impetus, as a company of soldiers—the brave and the cowardly, the lethargic and the alert—rushes in step upon the bayonets. Each ally knew that the miracle of their consort might never be repeated, and acted with a sense that the hour of destiny had struck. If the same loyalty had inspired the Christian peoples of the East when first the Turks set foot in Europe, the history of half a continent might have been changed. What will be the course and duration of this struggle, no man can predict. The poverty of all the combatants must tend to shorten it, but in tenacity and endurance Turks and Bulgars at least are well matched. The diplomacy of the Powers, which seemed until the eleventh hour to be paralysed by their chronic divisions and hypnotised by a fatal event, will have leisure to recover itself, and will discover motives enough to impose peace, and, with it, a solution. On the other hand, if a new society should begin to take shape in the chaos, and fundamental change become inevitable, we must also expect that selfish appetites and rivalries will awaken to complicate and delay a peace. Such a war may continue for weeks or for months, and almost any issue is thinkable. It is possible that it may break Serbia and Greece, and result in stalemate between Bulgaria and Turkey. But a complete disaster for Turkey is not out of the question if the allies act promptly, and her total triumph is conceivable if the war should drag. We can be sure only of two things. The war will be bloody and cruel, and its regular operations will be aggravated by every variety of outrage and massacre. It can end only in some solution which will mean in fact the end of the direct rule of the Turks as a conquering race in Europe. Were the League to be totally defeated, the Concert could hardly impose less, for even in the hour of victory it is certain that Turkey's power of resistance will be weakened.

It would be a vain exercise to debate the ethical aspects of such a struggle as this. The question which party assumed the formal responsibility for war is purely academic. It is easy to warn the Balkan peoples, as M. Jaurès does with an impressive eloquence, that they have been the sport of financiers and princelings. It is easy to tell them that the event is more likely to turn to the profit of the two Eastern Empires than to their own advantage. The real justification for the war is the conviction which we have just expressed, a conviction all but universal in Europe, that it can end only in an organic reconstruction of what to-day is Turkey-in-Europe. If that presage is sound, then the armies which

are marching out to-day to undo, if fortune aids them, the disaster of Kossovo, are assured in advance of success. Their own arms may achieve what that fourteenth-century Balkan League failed to accomplish, and if defeat awaits them, the Concert under its own formalities and subterfuges must achieve what none of the Crusades could bring about. There is a Macedonian epigram which the outlaws of the Bulgarian bands would repeat to the persecuted peasants of the villages. "Better an end with horrors than horrors without an end." So rooted in the minds of all the Balkan peoples is the terror and resentment of all the cruelty and degradation which Turkish rule has brought to the Peninsula, that this maxim probably reflects the genuine feeling of every soldier in the allied ranks, of every decimated family at home, of the peasants who await liberation with apprehension and hope, of the young men in Macedonia who are digging up their smuggled rifles and preparing to skirmish in the van of the advancing armies. The people of Macedonia are ready to face the risks of liberation, and among the free peoples of the League the memory of the past is still vivid enough to justify a Quixotic war. The democracies of Europe, which have trained themselves, under the spectacle of Moroccan and Tripolitan expeditions, to think of every war as an immoral invention of financiers and politicians, lack the experience to judge of such a war as this. One may pronounce a war immoral for any concrete gain of territory and trade or for any abstract delusion of honor and the balance of power. But a sharp violence to end a long oppression, a brief carnage to check recurring massacre, belong to a different category, as physical pain and torture differ from financial loss or diminished prestige. All that part of mankind which is uninfluenced by the highest form of Christian ethics judges violence to be not only excusable but laudable when it is used to end another violence as gross and more permanent. Turkish rule in Europe has been a continual state of war. We are content to leave the ethical judgments to the peoples involved. They know, as their comfortable critics do not, how far the end with horrors is preferable to horrors without an end.

It is, to our thinking, the diplomacy of the Powers, rather than the militancy of the League, which stands in the dock before civilised opinion. This war was made at the Congress of Berlin. When Disraeli insisted on tearing up the Treaty of San Stefano, and handing back a Macedonia which Russia had liberated to the direct rule of the Turks, he imposed on the future one or other of two duties—a second war of liberation, or else effective reform. It is the war which has come, and it has come because reform was always tardy and never effective. For twenty years the Concert took no steps whatever. It then fumbled and played with the futilities of the Mürtsteg scheme. At the Turkish revolution, it resigned its task. It delayed to resume it again, long after every competent spectator was satisfied that the Turks had failed. Its more recent responsibility dates from its omission of any attempt to check or to end the Italian brigandage in Tripoli. Could we but place ourselves at a little distance from the events, we should not hesitate to declare that it was the Roman Cabinet which precipitated

the present war. It gave a standing invitation to the Balkan States to take up arms. It made reform by the Turks a moral impossibility. It demonstrated alike to the Balkan peoples, who might have hoped for a Concert, and to the Turks, who might have feared it, that no Concert at all existed. The realisation that there is no Europe was a license to the Turks to oppress without let or hindrance, and an intimation to the Balkan peoples that, if the oppression were to be ended, they must rely upon themselves. One statesman in Europe, at least, perceived the danger. Count Berchtold had the merit to propose that the Concert should resume its work on lines of "decentralisation." His initiative found no response, and, while we recognise that it was feebly pressed, and that his formula was ludicrously vague, his place before the judgment of history will so far be more enviable than that of any of his colleagues.

It is hardly necessary to consider at length the reasons for the failure of the next phase of intervention which M. Sazonoff and M. Poincaré contrived between them. It came too late, and its formulæ were too empty to arrest the allies, whose mobilisation was all but complete. Its failure would have been no less certain, even if Montenegro had not actually declared war some hours before the Note was presented to all the allies. It was well that the Powers should announce that they would "take in hand" reforms in Turkey, on the basis of the Berlin Treaty; but what are the reforms, and with what guarantee are they offered? There was no word of autonomy, or even of that blessed word, "decentralisation," and there was no means of deciding whether the Powers would merely inspire the reforms, or "inspect" their execution, or with a strong hand assume themselves the direct control of Macedonia. It may be said that the League should have waited for further details, while the Turkish armies were mustering in Asia. But they knew very well that the formula was vague, because it represented only a verbal agreement among the Powers. Austria and Russia have no common plan. England and Germany seem chiefly concerned lest either should lose her place of favor in the regard of the Turkish governing caste. The Turks themselves could only take down from their pigeon-hole the forgotten paper-reforms of thirty years ago, and stage once more, with a Chamber to add to the delays, the comedy of the early Hamidian period.

We do not underestimate the gain that there is in the restoration, even at the eleventh hour, of some sort of Concert. It will, at least, prevent a European conflict, and it will end, if public opinion does its duty, in imposing a tolerable peace. But if that end is to be speedily achieved, that work must begin at home. We hope it will not be found that our own influence in the Concert made at the critical moment for weakness, and helped to stave off that adequate action at Constantinople for real reform, which alone could have kept the peace. Sir Edward Grey has been censured in the French Press, and thanked by the Turks. He appears to have desired a formula even less drastic than that which was used. And it is admitted that he was opposed to a collective representation at the Porte, and that he preferred that each

Power should deliver its individual Note. Obviously such a course must greatly have weakened the force of European intervention. The country will expect some explanation. Is it that the Foreign Office really hoped for spontaneous reform from the octogenarian Kiamil Pasha, whose bad reputation as an administrator seems to be balanced by his record as an Anglophil? Is it that the fear of alienating Moslem loyalty in India, which did not avail to stir the Foreign Office on behalf of Persia, or Morocco, or Tripoli, has made an effective plea for the governing caste of Turkey? The crisis has been sudden, and our diplomacy has shrouded itself in secrecy. But if the facts are as we believe them to be, the failure of our Government will stimulate the remembrance of how grave has been our historical responsibility for Macedonian misrule, and how clear is the Liberal tradition of our duty in Turkey.

THE PARTY, THE BILL, AND THE CLOSURE.

THE Prime Minister has, we think, correctly interpreted the feeling of his party in declaring at Ladybank that he considers the Government fully empowered to redeem all its pledges, and to perform all its obligations to its constituents. The Opposition is greatly mistaken if it imagines that any section of the party dissents from this view of the situation. The Home Rule Bill will be passed, and scrupulous faith will be kept with Irish Nationalism. Whatever reasons exist for a compromise on this or that provision of the Bill, none can be adduced which bind a British Government to yield to a threat of lawlessness. In associating themselves with the violence of Sir Edward Carson and his band, Mr. Law and his colleagues put themselves out of court as negotiators of terms for the Protestant counties of Ulster. For, as Mr. Asquith pointed out, the claim of the new Ulster faction is that there shall be no compromise. It vetoes any separate treatment of the north-eastern districts. No fresh safeguards against religious or political intolerance are to be entertained as weakening or affecting the attitude of forcible resistance to Home Rule. And no further reference of the question to the electorate, either in the form of a general election or a specially devised appeal, can, in the nature of things, deflect an opposition which is unconditional and which rests on force. Orange Ulster simply binds herself to resist a decree of Parliament, let the circumstances in which it is presented to her be what they may.

To such a defiance, the Executive—any modern Executive—has only one reply. There is no part of the Home Rule Bill which really brings Protestant Ulster into collision with the Dublin Parliament. Its attack, if it is within the misguided wit of man to organise an attack, must be on the Imperial Government in one of its functions as a collector of taxes, or a post office, or a police organisation. The last of these businesses, is, we are afraid, regularly interfered with whenever the deep-seated passion of religious bigotry is kindled afresh in the hearts of the people of Belfast.

Any further interruption of those forms of law and order which exist for the convenience of the community will be put down, with the assent of all reasonable men. The first political consequence of these irreconcilable plans is to draw the Ministerial forces together, and to indispose them to listen even to moderating counsels on their own side. The Opposition complain of the rigidity of the scheme of closure for the Home Rule Bill. But there is no echo of these complaints in the rank and file of Liberalism. The party as a whole considers that the Home Rule question has been debated enough, and more than enough, and that the sooner the whole matter is brought to a conclusion the better. Violence on the floor of the House will move this body of opinion no more than the menace of violence in Ulster. It will merely stiffen and exasperate it. Nor is there any sign that the country resents the general disposition of the Ministerial forces to reap the whole fruits of the Parliament Act, and carry through that part of the political programme which was most evidently in the minds of its advocates.

If, therefore, we plead for a conciliatory attitude to the Irish controversy, it is because of its inherent difficulties, and not from any feeling that the party resents strong action in regard to the provisions of the Bill and the methods chosen for carrying them into law. The constitutional position is somewhat anomalous. The House of Commons is at last, and properly, placed in its true position of the final authority in legislation. The Lords can, indeed, exercise a suspensory veto, but in their present state they are quite unfitted for any such task, and they are certain to decline it in the case of the Home Rule Bill. That measure will, in effect, be shaped by the Commons, and by the Commons alone. Clearly, therefore, there is an obligation on the part of the Government to secure as much freedom of debate as is consistent with the passage of the Bill. For that reason we should have liked to dispense with closure by compartments, and to rely on the method known as the 'kangaroo' closure, under which the Chairman of Committees passes over some amendments and selects others. In the hands of Mr. Whitley, a man of great ability and force of character, such a weapon would have been used to secure an adequate discussion, preserved from abuse by the action of the closure. The Cabinet have decided against this course, and have mapped out the debates on a plan which allots to the remaining stages of the Bill some thirty-four days, making fifty for the consideration of the whole measure, as against the seventy-seven full days which were assigned to the measure of 1893. That Bill was, indeed, subject to an orgy of talk. But though we must be prepared for an exhibition of licence, we shall hope to see some extension of the time-table set up for its successor. Take two or three examples. One and a-half days are to be allotted to discussing the powers of taxation made over to the Irish Parliament, and six days in all to a consideration of the financial relations, present and future, of the two countries. Finance, as we all know, is the crux of this Bill, as it would have been of the Bill of 1886, had that measure passed into law. There has been considerable agitation in Ireland on the subject,

and Nationalist Irishmen do not all think alike on it. Equally vexed is the problem of the safeguards for preserving religious equality. On that point the Bill is very explicit, and, we should have thought, quite satisfactory. But it touches the heart of the Ulster controversy, and Ministers have much to gain by impressing on the mind of the country the elaborate provisions they have made against the endowment of Catholicism, and for the free exercise of religious or irreligious opinion. Is such an effort possible within the compass of a night and a half's Parliamentary talk? The Opposition are on unconstitutional ground, and they notoriously wish to kill not to better the Bill. But incidentally some serious amendments may be proposed. We do not think that the Government reject compromise. But we do not see how concessions can come as the result of any effective parleying between the two parties on the floor of the House. The Bill will be in the hands of the Executive, whose disposition will be to remodel it on lines of moderation. But we should like to see the mind of Parliament more freely exercised on it than is possible within the limits of this scheme of closure. We do not doubt that the most liberal allowance of time would be abused in the present mood of the Opposition, and through the moral weakness which afflicts its leadership. But there is a real advantage in seeing the measure emerge from the House as the creature, not merely of the Executive, but of Parliament, and we should be prepared to make some sacrifice of other parts of the Ministerial programme in order to secure that result. We have further to consider that each successive tightening of the closure enfeebles the general resisting power of Parliament to encroachments of the Executive. Liberals will not always be in power. When a Tory Government arrives, and maybe proposes a return to Protection, we do not want to see our Free Trade system put under the harrow of "closure by compartments."

For indeed we must not cease to think of Home Rule as a measure of appeasement, and to approach it in the admirable spirit of the Irish Unionists who have just met under the lead of Lord MacDonnell, and decided to accept its principle, subject to a more generous financial provision and a plan of proportional representation. We do not mean that we consider that the Bill confers too large a measure of Home Rule on Ireland. But we may well be on the look out for developments in North-East Ulster. The Union is dead, and cannot be revived, and when the Protestant corner realises that fact, it is very probable that it will become not the right but the left wing of a reconstituted force of Irish Nationalism. But it may be wise to give Ulster time to realise this result through some temporary expedient which would yield her a final option between linking fortunes with the rest of Ireland and remaining an undistinguished *enclave* of Great Britain. So long as she ties herself to mere sedition, her case cannot be considered on its merits, for she makes no offer herself, and rejects every tender that she receives. But in spite of the Covenant, this situation will not last for ever, and if we desire to reap some harvest of conciliatory sentiment two years hence, the seeds may well be sown in these coming weeks while the measure is still under debate.

We hope therefore to see the Government's time-table enlarged, even at the cost of a less ambitious amendment of the suffrage than was first designed.

THE PRINCIPLES OF LAND TAXATION.

We hope that the proceedings of the Conference on the Taxation of Land Values will be read in conjunction with the utterances of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George. Mr. Asquith has stated definitely that the Liberal land programme would not be identified with the Single Tax. Mr. Lloyd George has made the common-sense remark that an industry is not to be stimulated into new activity by taxing it. The resolutions of the Conference did not mention the Single Tax, and officially the proposal appeared to be repudiated; yet, if we take the resolutions one after another, it is difficult to distinguish them in their cumulative effect from the Single Tax scheme. Site values, it would appear, in the estimation of the Conference ought to bear the entire burden of local taxation. In addition, they should be the subject of a national tax, which should cover the cost of Poor Law, police, main roads, and education; while, lastly, the balance of their proceeds should be devoted to wiping out the taxes that remain upon the food of the people. There is some duplication here, but at the lowest estimate this would suppose a tax approximating to what those who are not Single Taxers assume to be the actual annual value of land apart from improvements. The sudden imposition of a burden of such magnitude upon any particular class of investment must at once be ruled out of the question. The Government will not set out to confiscate one particular form of property, and it would be a thousand pities if the public mind is distracted by proposals of this kind from the real objects of fiscal reform in relation to the land.

It is well, therefore, briefly to restate the principles of taxation which commend themselves to the body of reformers who stand outside of the Single Tax movement. In the first place, then, the bulk of land reformers accept, we believe, the principle that the value of land should be separated, for purposes of taxation, from that of buildings and other improvements upon the land. They realise that the present system of rating imposes, in effect, a heavy tax upon production, and that every rise of local rates increases this burden. The consequence is that the more efficiently a town is governed, the more progressive its policy, the more it spends on education, sanitation, streets, lighting, transit, and so on, the heavier is the burden on the occupants and on the industry of that town. In every other department of our fiscal system we have avoided the imposition of burdens on industry or on the necessities of life; those that remain, in the form of taxes on food, it is the Liberal policy to abolish as soon as the necessities of the revenue permit. But under our local taxation system, we have retained from the past a method of producing revenue, which burdens every householder, every tradesman, and every factory-owner. This is a radically bad system, and the first object of reform in local government must be to liberate the machine from such an incubus, and

in the end, if possible, to abolish the rating of buildings and other improvements. In a measure—precisely in what measure we can hardly tell until land valuation is further advanced—this can be accomplished by separating site value from building value. There is not necessarily any question of increasing the total burden on real property, and it is very unfortunate that this side of the land scheme should be associated with suggestions of increased taxation. It is not a question of increasing taxation; it is a question of altering the method of assessment. In so far as, by altering the method of assessment, we can place the burden of the rates upon the actual value of the land derived from its position, or, in the case of agricultural land, its natural fertility as well, we tax something which the efforts of the owner did not produce and cannot modify. And so far as we do so, we take a proportionate burden off the shoulders of the improver, we are liberating industry, and one of the necessities of life—housing—from the burden that is at present weighing upon them.

But everyone who has looked into the subject even cursorily is aware that the practical application of this very simple principle is beset with great complexities, due to long leases and sub-letting. It is no easy matter to decide who is actually in receipt of the site value, and it might easily be that a tax would fall, not upon the man who is enjoying the increment of site value, but on one who has already paid for it full price. We do not raise these difficulties as a plea for inaction, but as showing the necessity for caution. When site values are ascertained, the tax which will be placed on them must, in the first instance, be of moderate amount, and it will be necessary to adjust it as between the different parties concerned in any particular property, in proportion to the share of the total value which each may be reasonably supposed to enjoy. There can be no question of suddenly absorbing the whole of the value, without any regard to the ruin that it might bring upon a certain class of investor.

Secondly, Liberal opinion is, we think, in general agreed that our land system errs in facilitating the uneconomic use of land. In the towns, we have land held up until it is considered ripe for building, which means that its value is growing year by year, until it ultimately passes into the hands of the builder at top prices. Meanwhile, the landlord is assessed at agricultural values. He is paying for the land, which might be sold at, say, £10,000, the same rate which he paid when it was only worth £1,000 for agricultural purposes. Most of us agree with the land reformers that this is not a reasonable position. The owner ought to be assessed at the actual market value of the land, as between a willing purchaser and a willing seller. The basis of the assessment, that is to say, in the case of land, should be capital values, not actual income. The same principle applies in the rural districts. Here land is held out of its best economic use, for social, political, and personal reasons. The possession of land is still a basis for social consideration, and a means of political influence. It is also a luxury which, from the nature of the case, can only be enjoyed by the few, while the many are clamoring for that admission to the use of the land which might enable

them, as small-holders, to attain an independent economic existence. We are not of those who believe that fiscal measures alone would suffice for the establishment of a system of small holdings, but we do assent to the view that the taxation of land on the basis of its full economic value—taking into account, that is to say, not merely its actual use, but the use to which it might be put—is a necessary condition of the effective working of the Small Holdings Act, or of any other measure which may be devised to extend the operations of that Act. On both these points, therefore, Liberal opinion accepts principles which are dear to the Single Tax party, and for the untiring advocacy of these they deserve full credit. We shall maintain only that these principles must be applied in a spirit of moderation, and not in the belief that they are the sole and sufficient remedy for every possible ill that society is heir to.

On a third point, we take it, Liberal opinion tends to diverge from that of the stricter sect of Single Taxers. If we understand the Single Tax movement aright, it conceives the ownership of land left in the hands of individuals, though every atom of "surplus" attributable to land value as such would pass into the national treasury. This is not the future to which Liberal reformers look forward. On the contrary, they conceive an extension of collective ownership as a necessary part of land reform. They do not think, for example, that the town of the future can be confidently left to the haphazard growth determined by the play of the individual desire for gain. On the contrary, they are convinced by the experiments that have already been made—in garden suburbs, for example—that in the organisation of a modern town, complex and many-sided as it is, collective control can do better than the haphazard forces of individualism. The modern town, with the great and still growing development of locomotion, is more and more a unity, and a unity extending over a large area and catering for very diverse needs. To get the best results for housing, for open spaces, for all the amenities of life, it is necessary that it should be planned from a centre, and it cannot be planned from a centre without an extension of collective ownership. The local authority that is developing a tramway system, for example, that will relieve the congestion of housing in the centre, must not be placed in a position of thereby losing all the revenue derived from the occupants whom it enables to live in fresh air and purer surroundings. And reformers of housing and administrative government generally, look forward to a readjustment of land taxation, not merely as an immediate means of lightening the burden upon improvements, but also as the financial basis for an extended municipal ownership which will enable the corporate body of the ratepayers to enjoy the fruits of their enterprise collectively and practically.

THE MILITARY PROBLEMS OF THE WAR.

To an active mind which enjoys detail and the confusion of multitudinous jarring interests, the politics of the Balkans make a study which surpasses all others, as

chess is unique among games. We are disposed to think that the mere military problem of this war will be for the same reasons no less fascinating. It involves the psychology of four races, all markedly distinct in temperament and cultural development. The theatre of the war presents every possible natural feature save monotony—Alpine mountains, a profusion of minor ranges, flat, saucer-like plains left by desiccated lakes, swamps, gorges, and swift rivers. It is customary to speak of the Balkan winter as extremely rigorous. But Macedonia has almost every variety of climate. Extreme cold is usual only on the great heights. The lakes never freeze; the coast enjoys an equable Levantine warmth, and the average, in the writer's experience, is rather drier and warmer than the South of England. We must force ourselves to realise from the first that the pace of the whole campaign will probably be slow. The Bulgarian infantry can do prodigies of forced marching. There may be cavalry raids and rapid guerilla exploits. But the Turks hardly understand the meaning of the word hurry. The railways are all single lines, and into great areas, which will swarm with guerilla bands, they do not penetrate at all. When one remembers that the Bulgarian insurgents have always made a speciality of railway destruction, it seems doubtful how far these lines will serve the Turks. The best *personnel* of the railway companies used to be Italian, and in the second rank came the Greek drivers, guards, and station-masters, with Bulgarian laborers in the third line. It remains to be seen whether this almost exclusively Christian staff will remain loyal in a war of races and religions. But at the best the campaign will resolve itself into a series of isolated struggles. There is no railway at all to reinforce the troops at Scutari which are facing the main Montenegrin advance, and as yet the Turks can do nothing at sea. The Greeks will also be alone against the Turks in the South, and nothing will complicate their advance save the doubtful and perhaps divided attitude of the Southern Albanians, and the chance of some help from local Bulgarian bands. One assumes that they will attempt a parallel advance upon Jannina and Monastir, and the Turks will have the choice between giving battle in the plains or embarrassing them in the passes which they must traverse. Rapidity and daring could alone give the Greeks a bare chance of some initial success, and in this adventure as elsewhere much will depend on the guerillas. The Bulgarian bands succeeded in the rising of 1903 in dominating the province of Monastir for a good three weeks, and at one moment held it all save the garrison towns and the railway.

It is very difficult to predict how soon the Turks will be able to achieve, first numerical equality, and then superiority to the forces of the League. They can hardly start with so many as 500,000 men under arms in Europe against the 600,000 or thereabouts of the League. Asia will mobilise very slowly, and we doubt whether Turkey will dare to denude the Russian frontier of troops. Nor does one know how far the Greek navy may be able to impede the despatch of transports from Smyrna to Salonica. It probably could not risk a general engagement with the Turkish fleet, but it will

be the better handled of the two fleets, and might perhaps succeed in making the *Ægean* insecure. In that connection, the question arises whether the Powers will attempt to prevent the despatch of Cretan reinforcements to Greece. The probability is that they will do so, and that only small detachments of the Cretan militia and volunteers will ever be available to aid the Greek advance. The chances are that the whole series of possible operations which thought can review in a speculative hour will take many weeks to develop in fact. The roads are everywhere execrable, and no one of the combatants is strong in transport. It is, however, worth remarking that the League has here some advantage, especially in winter, since it has the better roads behind it.

It is only in the North, and between Servians and Bulgarians, that the chances of concerted action begin. The main Bulgarian task will, of course, be the march on Adrianople. It is quite likely that they will be allowed to advance unopposed in the open country. A relatively small force will suffice to hold the city and to involve the invaders in a dilatory siege. The Turks have no great modern tradition in aggressive warfare, but on the defensive and in a siege they doubtless reckon on repeating the superb achievements of Plevna and Kars. Their chief concentration will probably be between Constantinople and Adrianople, with the fortified lines of Chataldja behind it, and the possibility of indefinite reinforcements from Asia. But if this will be the main Bulgarian advance, it is also fairly certain that some attempt will be made to invade Macedonia proper. It would be easy to throw a rapidly moving force, strong in cavalry and in guerilla auxiliaries, into the northern districts from Kustendil. One line of advance would lead it to Kuprili or Istib, through an ardently Bulgarian country, and there it would reach the Vardar and the railway below Uskub, and would aim at cutting communications. On Uskub one assumes that the main Servian force will advance. Its military efficiency is very doubtful, nor can it reckon on guerilla support so certainly and in the same degree as the Bulgarian army. Much will depend on the cordiality and confidence which Serbs and Bulgars show to each other in this advance. The chances are that the North Albanians, the rebels of midsummer, will rally in great numbers to the Turkish standard, and unless the Servians are able to move and to mobilise with quite unlikely promptitude, they will not possess an overwhelming numerical superiority when they arrive before Uskub. That city is the key to the communications of North-Western Macedonia, but it has no obvious military strength, and unless much has been done quite recently, it is not a fortified place, though it has a big garrison in an old-world fortress, perched on a hillock. Should the Allies so far succeed as to shut up the Turkish armies, or some part of them, in Adrianople, Uskub, Monastir, or Scutari, one does not envy the plight of local Christians in these towns.

In this war even the main factors are all so little known that guessing is useless. Everyone praises the Bulgarian army for science, organisation, physique, and spirit. We have no doubt that it could have defeated the Turks with ease at the opening of a war before the Revolution. How far have the Young Turks succeeded

in equalising conditions? They have equipped the active army decently, and taught it musketry for the first time. But the reserves can be little improved, and the mass of uneducated officers are no better than before. On the other hand, it is probable that the mere cancelling of Palace control will for the first time allow Turkish generalship a chance. Every move in the Russo-Turkish and Greek campaigns was dictated from Yildiz. A general of genius or even of talent, freed from this handicap, might do more with the army as an aggressive machine than has ever seemed possible before. That Turks and Bulgarians will both in some degree acquit themselves well, we all assume. But the Servians—unlucky and nearly useless in the 'seventies—are a wholly unknown and not very promising factor. The Greeks are going to their trial after a partial and unfinished reorganisation. If it has been all that friends report, they may be able to furnish a small efficient striking force. But their reserves cannot possess the military habit. Bulgaria, in short, furnishes both in numbers and in quality the main army of the League. If she can win a decisive success before Christmas, it is conceivable that the political position may then be ripe for a European intervention.

Life and Letters.

THE SAD CASE OF THE ARISTOCRACY.

INQUIRIES into the condition of the working classes have been a prominent feature of our literature ever since the days of Mr. Charles Booth's monumental survey. But it is possible that it is not only the working classes whose condition would repay investigation and be found to require serious amelioration. At the other end of the scale there is a class whose condition, according to Mr. Ponsonby in his interesting book on "The Decline of Aristocracy" (published last week by Mr. Fisher Unwin), entirely escapes attention: "We cannot investigate their circumstances and inquire into their activities." Indeed, we imagine that if an enterprising social worker were to call at some magnificent portal in Park Lane with a question form, teeming with a desire for information as to the amount of the weekly income, the proportion spent on food, on alcoholic liquors, what the owner gives to his wife, and what he keeps for pocket money, he would be politely—or otherwise—shown into the street. Weekly budgets may be there in some instances, and, in spite of all the complaints about the national budget, they would, we imagine, show that the noblest family in the land is able to devote more than 2d. a day per head to the article of food. But though the weekly budget is there, reposing in the housekeeper's book, or capable of being collected from the counterfoils of the cheque-book, its contents are never given to the world. The secrets of aristocratic finance are unrevealed, unless, indeed, it should happen that some great landlord is bent on showing that his estates are a dead loss, administered by him for the sole benefit of thankless tenants. There is, in fact, lack of information from the inside as to the economic position of the governing class. There is also, says Mr. Ponsonby, a serious taint of inaccuracy in that information which the fashionable novelist purports to give us of the inner life and mind of those brilliant circles.

"The society which these people form and regulate with their habits and customs, we all seem to know, because of the snippets of information that catch our eye in every newspaper, or the details of high life of which we read while we sit in the dentist's waiting-room. It is the target for much ill-

directed abuse and the subject of much fictitious glorification. But a description of it in the psychological or sociological sense, though frequently attempted, has never been successfully done. Authors and playwrights catch glimpses into this inner circle, specially when they are taken up as the fashionable furore of the moment. But the best of them, even though they may be dazzled for a time by the glamor, never abide within the portals, otherwise they would cease to do decent work. The sketches and representations they give are, therefore, superficial, inaccurate, and lacking in real first-hand knowledge. On the other hand, those who live within the pale, partly from incompetence and partly from reluctance to betray their friends, are quite incapable of writing any *étude de mœurs* that would be worth having."

This is very hard indeed upon some popular novelists whose names will occur to anyone; but we confess that we already suspected as much. In fiction, titles are cheap. They do not cost £10,000 to the party funds, and just as a man may be as well hung for a sheep as for a lamb, so he may as well—or a woman may as well—make the hero an earl or, for that matter, a duke, as a baronet. It is but looking up "Debrett" to get the secondary titles right, and everything else will go on precisely as if the characters were plain Mr. and Mrs.

But to Mr. Ponsonby the condition of the aristocracy is a serious matter. It is a new facet of the old "Condition of England" question, for after all, though the aristocracy is not England, it is a part of England, and Mayfair has as much right to be reformed as Whitechapel. True, Mayfair, even more than Whitechapel, is unconscious of the need of internal reform. The self-complacency of a governing class is always its most distinctive and, from some points of view, its most enviable characteristic. But it is perhaps less case-hardened to-day than in that golden time when "Little Arthur's History of England" was written, from which Mr. Ponsonby gives us a priceless passage:—

"The nobles of England are useful to the country. As they are rich enough to live without working for themselves and their families, they have time to be always ready when the King wants advice, or when there is a Parliament to make laws, or when the King wishes to send messages to other Kings. . . . As their forefathers were made nobles because of their goodness, wisdom, or bravery, they have, in general, followed their example; and they have always, next after the King, been the people we have loved best, and who have done us most good. . . . So you see that noblemen have been of great use in England. When you are older you will understand this better, and you will find out many reasons to be glad that we have noblemen in our dear country."

"Little Arthur," Mr. Ponsonby unkindly subjoins, "is now grown up, and he is not quite sure that everyone believes what he was taught." Conceivably, he has read Mr. and Mrs. Hammond on "The Village Laborer," and is not altogether happy as to the method by which a considerable proportion of the landed aristocracy came by their possessions.

What is the value of aristocracy in history? Has it a permanent function in the scheme of things, and does the British aristocracy fulfil that function? Indeed, does the British aristocracy still survive, or is it resolved into a more than American millionairessdom? If there was good in it, can that good be saved? Can the aristocracy be revitalised and reformed? And if so, by what methods? These are some of the questions to which Mr. Ponsonby applies himself. In rough idea, we suppose the function of an aristocracy should be something like that which is described for the benefit of Little Arthur. It should be a leisured class, enabled by hereditary wealth to devote itself to the common good. Placed above sordid cares and all need for personal advancement, its members are prepared to perform social functions for no pecuniary or other consideration. They are simply ready to step into functions of government when duty calls, and to retire from them, like Cincinnatus, when the work is done. They go back, if not to their cabbages, at any rate to their partridges, but once more, like good patriots, are ready to come forward if their country needs. Beyond this they maintain and hold up to the world, as the hall-mark of that which is socially best, a standard of morals and manners and of a general cultivation. They pick out the best in literature and art. They foster science and philosophy. If they do not supply the *personnel* which carries on the advance of culture,

they supply the medium within which this advance can take place. If we were to apply some such criteria as these to the history of the British aristocracy, either during its flourishing period or in the last three generations of its decay and absorption by the forces of Philistia, what would the verdict be? We think it was Lord Curzon who, at one stage in the controversies surrounding the Parliament Act, was bold enough to put forward a claim for the aristocracy as having actually done more than any other class for the advancement of all things good and beautiful. This claim simply cannot stand against any accurate research into the Dictionary of National Biography, or any other collection of the lives of eminent men. The poets, the artists, the thinkers, the men of science, the inventors, the great business men, the captains of industry, have been drawn from all classes, and upon the whole, in these great lives, the aristocracy has been poor. It has contributed but few individuals to the ranks of those who have made the name of England great in the actual advancement of civilisation. Nor can it be seriously contended that it has aided literature or science or philosophy by patronage. Patronage was a real thing in the first half of the eighteenth century, and upon the whole was a very bad thing. Since that time patronage has counted for less and less. Nor has wealth in this country ever been used for public purposes, and particularly for educational purposes, on anything at all approaching the scale so familiar in the United States. Few more ludicrous pleas for the aristocracy have ever been put forward than the contention of Lord Hugh Cecil that it sets the public standard of munificence:—

"The sentiment in favor of the munificent spending of private wealth, which is stronger in our country, I believe, than in any European state, may probably be traced to the example of large landowners of high rank."

This is a quaint illustration of Little Arthur's spirit. The territorial classes in England really believe themselves, not only to be munificent, but to have impressed the public with their munificence. The public, we fear, is not impressed. It looks for munificence—as far as that is something other than a negotiable commodity, exchangeable against a title—not to the territorial aristocracy but to the commercial classes. From certain lamentable transactions, connected sometimes with pictures and sometimes with sites, it has come to the conclusion that an aristocratic gift-horse has, notwithstanding the proverb, to be looked at rather carefully in the mouth.

Frankly, then, an apologist of aristocracy, at least of the British aristocracy, would have to rule art, science, and general culture out of court. To maintain these things has not been the aristocratic function. The apologist would have to base his case upon the governance of England. Here it would be open to him to maintain that, having gone through a period of intense corruption, the aristocracy put down this corruption among themselves, and having done so, were induced to maintain a standard of honesty, impartiality, and fair average capacity in administration, both in the higher and in the lower ranks of administration. It will be by its quality as a governing class that the aristocracy must stand or fall at the bar of history. On the credit side it could be said that it built up the British Empire and maintained it as a going concern, whatever be its value. On the debit side it must be pointed out that the years of its supremacy were years of social degradation for the mass of the community. Whether in detail the country gentlemen governed well or ill, the net result was that they left the people whose interests they had taken in charge more wretched than they found them. Their intentions were doubtless good; their sense of rectitude was intense; yet in the entirety of their dealings with their inferiors we cannot but be reminded of the transactions between the white man and the savage. The white man is in the right of it every time; he always has an overwhelming case; each step that he takes is forced on him by regrettable necessity; he undertakes a responsibility which it would be cowardly to shirk; yet the end of it all is that the land which was the savage's has become the white man's. So was it sometimes in a literal sense

as between the rulers and the ruled in this country. They always acted from necessity, from high motives of public duty, with full consideration for the claims of their meanest dependent; but the end of it all was that their position, their power, their land, their wealth, were consolidated and augmented, while the position of other classes was more desperate than before. The first step in the salvation of England was the rise against the territorial aristocracy.

The changes which took place in the first half of the nineteenth century had reactions upon the character and position of the aristocratic class, which Mr. Ponsonby has carefully traced in the volume before us. The old aristocracy did not shut itself up. There were not, and never will be, English emigrés. English institutions are pliable, and the English aristocrat, like his compatriots of all classes, makes the best of existing circumstances, and marches with the times. In particular, in England, he begins at an early stage to ally himself with wealth. He married money, indemnifying himself for his derogation from strict aristocratic principles by slighting his wife's relations. He admitted the new rich to his titles and places of honor, and though at first he continued to sniff in private, he ended by absorbing the manners and outlook on life of his new associates. Aristocracy, in fact—and this is a main part of Mr. Ponsonby's thesis—tends more and more to be merged in plutocracy. The hereditary element falls into the background. Rank becomes a purchasable commodity. The peerage grows rapidly in volume, particularly under a Liberal Government, and every step in it has its price. The vanities and snobberies of our public and private life do not grow less. The standard of life, the goal of social ambition, is not less vitiated, and the corruption affects a wider circle. As to titles and honors, Mr. Ponsonby thinks that "human vanity seems to demand something of the sort," and he justly remarks that "the pleasure of saying 'M'lord' is almost as great as the pleasure of being addressed as 'M'lord.'"

"Incredible as it may seem, to have intercourse with a live peer genuinely gives some men infinite pleasure, and few have any idea of the intense delight that some other men feel in being lords or becoming lords. They will cover their spoons, their notepaper, their book-plates, their seals, their carriages, their linen, and their footmen's buttons with coronets, and even insert stone coronets on the outside of their houses, and metal coronets in the ironwork of their gates. They will have their portrait painted with a coronet on a table by their side, and every opportunity is taken to remind them continually of their rank."

It may be doubted whether any reform can cope with such an ingrained tendency of human nature, or at any rate, Anglo-Saxon human nature. All observers of the United States admit that the same instincts are at least as strong where there are no titles to nourish them as they are with us. But Mr. Ponsonby thinks there would be an improvement if hereditary titles disappeared. And in so far as the refusal of society to recognise anything intrinsically irrational must be counted in itself a gain, we are disposed to agree with him. But the roots of the evil lie deeper. It is the worship of false gods from which modern society suffers, and nothing but a profound change of religious feeling, manifesting itself externally in changes no less wide and deep of the social structure, will extirpate this evil.

A GREAT ENTERTAINER.

ARE we approaching a time when the production of a full three-volume biography will be regarded as a conventional portion of the obsequies of all men who have filled an important place in the public regard? It is natural enough that the death of such a man as "Mark Twain," the most popular literary entertainer of the English-speaking world since Charles Dickens, should arouse among the hosts of his friends and acquaintances a genuine though a passing interest in even the minor episodes of his career. But to endeavor to give permanence to this interest in the details of a formal biography is surely a mistake. The two later volumes of "Mark Twain: A Biography" (Harper) contain many

fragments of his speech and action essential to enable us to build up a true image of one of America's best and most representative men. But the detailed records of his lecture tours and pleasure wanderings, the innumerable feasting and foregatherings in which he figured as a distinguished guest, most of the chatter of the literary business world in which he was immersed, the entrances he made into the houses of "the great" in his European visits, the academic honors bestowed upon him, and most of the other material, filled in to give a formal completeness to the history, are not relevant to the permanent purpose of a biography. Crowding the picture with detail, they deprive the really characteristic features of the prominence that belongs to them. When we are dealing with a man of genius, what we primarily want from his biography is a narrative of his stock and rearing, the surroundings of family and neighborhood, the events and experience which gave food and direction to his growing powers, the early struggles to find or make his proper place. Of his achievements, the fruits of his genius, the world must be deemed competent to form its own judgment. It is interesting, and sometimes serviceable, to know the obstetrics of publication, how fast each infant grew, and the order of affection in which they stood with the author and the public. But after all, such information is of little moment. Even in the case of men whose personal career is more closely bound up with important public affairs than that of most literary men, there is much waste in the later labors of the conscientious biographer. Some will say that all this is particularly inapplicable to "Mark Twain." The thousands who knew him, as intimate friend or prized acquaintance, found the man far greater and more varied than his printed counterpart. And, indeed, it is true that of all forms of humor the distinctively American is that which is least literary in its essence. It lies as much, or more, in gesture, action, circumstance, and in the eccentricities of personal expression that elude all records. This was certainly the case with "Mark Twain." His most successful jesting loses half its meaning when it is set down in print. It needed the slow natural drawl, the impassive countenance, all the external signs of sheer innocence, for a setting to the surprises and ingenious perversions which were the staple of his entertainment, and which flowed from the bottomless well of an imagination fed with an infinite fund of quaintly falsified reminiscence.

No wonder those who knew him in the flesh prize all the sayings and doings which help to keep alive for them this wonder-child. But the wider world of readers will find the really relevant part of the biography in volume one. This is pure gold. For it gives us the surprise of understanding how little Sam L. Clemens came to be able to write "Huckleberry Finn," "Tom Sawyer," "Roughing It," and the tales of American adventure which will form the large residuum of his literary greatness, when even the popularity of "Innocents" and "Tramps Abroad" will have faded away. The story of the wanderings of the Clemens family in Tennessee and their settlement in the little town of Hannibal, Missouri, where Sam spent his childhood, brings out in marvellous relief just the qualities of American life of two generations ago which account for as much of "Mark Twain" as is accountable. We see the rude elementary humor sprouting up everywhere, as a necessary support for life, from a subsoil of inveterate and well-nigh universal optimism, beneath a surface of rough, risky, indomitable struggle. It was the frontier life at the time when the western lands were just opening fast, and the revolutionary influence of railroads was beginning to make itself felt. In Missouri, and still more in the territory of Nevada, where "Mark" spent some years of his apprenticeship to life and letters, you had a tough, virile population, continually on the move, performing brief prodigies of endurance in the constant hope that some great stroke of luck would reward their efforts. This sustaining faith supported every one. At any time a land-boom might lift their town into importance and themselves into affluence, or else some "strike" of oil, or gold, or coal, might transform a desert into a hive of profitable industry. Most families out there

had some land-stake to feed their imaginations with an El Dorado vision. It was often no doubt an empty hope, like that of the "Mississippi Lands" upon which the sanguine Clemens family banked so much. But it was typical of the optimism of the frontier faith, when life was a game in which trumps were certain to turn up if they played it long enough and did not turn "quitters."

A sanguine, curious, resourceful folk, living in a world of rapid changes, needed relaxation. They found it in the rollicking horse-play, the practical joke, the hoax, the monstrous inventions and perversions, which are the crudest vehicles of the ridiculous. Accustomed to take hardships and misfortunes lightly, they came to practise scoring off one another, much in the same spirit as their Indian pre-occupiers practised mild forms of torture to instil fortitude. In schoolboy pranks one finds the prototype of all really popular humor. "Mark Twain" found in his childhood all the opportunities for developing this practical humor in an adventurous atmosphere of no ordinary kind. The stage-scenery which such a boy as Barrie's "Tommy" had to furnish forth with imaginative difficulty, for him lay close at hand—the untrodden island, the secret cave, the strong Indian. "Tom" and "Huck" can be endowed with far more reality than English readers accredited them with. No civilised city child can hope to gather in the impressionable years of childhood one tithe of the wealth of sensational experience which little Sam Clemens found and contrived in his boyhood at Hannibal. His early manhood carried him further afield into the still ruder life of Virginia City, whence he diverged into many paths of adventure, for the spirit of adventure lay in everything he touched. Prospector and miner in Nevada, pilot for two valuable years on the Mississippi, travelling printer and newspaper reporter, he tapped every source of common human knowledge at first hand. He moved about in a humorous atmosphere. He met hundreds of men everywhere who, bringing an almost total want of "education" to bear upon a complicated tangle of affairs, were always striking out original notions and quaint terms of language. Even now, scattered about the country, remote from those stagnant parts of conventionalism, the great American cities, are thousands of men who think, see, and say as "Mark Twain" thought, saw, and said. The difference is that they cannot say it quite so well, and cannot set it down in writing. The art of exploiting this humor for literary purposes was "Mark Twain's" rare gift. Needless to say, the avenue for its discovery and practice was journalism. American journalism has been much abused. But it has one great advantage over British. It is in some respects more veracious. The dull, pompous narrative or commentatory style, which nobody actually uses in life, but which constitutes our "journalese," is almost unknown in America. Amid all sorts of crudities and defects, there is a truer use of the vernacular. Thus, when we say that "Mark Twain" was always a literary journalist, we mean no evil. For the newspaper has been the literary instrument of America, its popular educator in the best as well as the worst sense. Most of her typical and best humorists have graduated in journalism, "Bret Harte," "Hans Breitman," "Josh Billings," "Artemus Ward," and, last but not least, "Mr. Dooley." Most of them at times—some of them all the time—jested in earnest. For there is not quite the same severance between levity and gravity in any grade of American society as here, and a humorist, even a wit, may claim to be a teacher, and at times a preacher. No doubt, "Mark Twain," who had many weighty, and some exceedingly important, messages to give his countrymen, did find his jester's dress sometimes incommoding him. But he could use the more serious instruments of irony and satire as effectively as the lighter ones. In his later years, he was one of the finest and most powerful spokesmen for every cause of liberty and national righteousness. A long life of jesting had never dimmed the idealism which made him everywhere the friend of the under dog, the zealous defender of oppressed men and of weaker nations. The most

powerful exposure of the base processes of Imperialism ever delivered was an article of "Mark Twain's," in the "North American Review," addressed "To the person sitting in darkness." No one felt more poignantly than this chivalrous, pure-minded man, the degradation of the closing page of the history of the nineteenth century. On New Year's Eve, 1900, he wrote the following: "A greeting from the nineteenth to the twentieth century." "I bring you the stately nation named Christendom, returning, bedraggled, besmirched, and dishonored, from private raids in Kiao, China, Manchuria, South Africa, and the Philippines, with her soul full of meanness, her pocket full of boodle, and her mouth full of pious hypocrisies. Give her soap and towel, but hide the looking glass."

How far the humor of "Mark Twain," as given in his representative work, will be an abiding product, in face of growing civilisation and education, is an interesting topic for speculation. Settled conventional life appears to rob it of much of its finest material. Education, in the usual meaning of the word, would certainly rob it of its method. It is tolerably plain that "Mark Twain," like Abraham Lincoln, would have been damaged, perhaps ruined, by a liberal education, such as one of his early friends, with a humor quite unconscious, advised him to procure. "You have great ability: I believe you have genius. What you need now is the refinement of association. Seek companionship among men of superior intellect and character. Refine yourself and your work." Fortunately, "Mark Twain" paid no heed, but went his way, mixing freely with all sorts and conditions of men. He did not despise books. His biographer even tries to convey the suggestion that he was a man of learning. But he was not. He merely played with scraps of book-learning. He was only a student of life, one of the most successful of his time.

THE SENSE OF NATIONALITY.

M. BARRÈS in France, and sundry less exquisitely gifted literary craftsmen in England, have been busily preaching to our degenerate century the imperative need for a *Sense of Nationality*; and in default of it have greatly stimulated the natural crop of Chauvinism.

I venture to say: *in default of it*; because if you come to think of the matter, Chauvinism is to the sense of nationality as a nettle to a wheat-ear; not only different, but incompatible, a weed (and difficult to handle!) in itself, and taking the ground, the air, the possibility of life from the useful plant so difficult to cultivate. For Chauvinism implies the preference of ourselves, *because we are ourselves*. And to prefer ourselves happens to be the one tendency—we do not call it a virtue when we meet it in other folk—in which all nations resemble one another like brothers and twins, even as the quality of *being oneself* is the quality which, like that eminent metaphysical quiddity, *pure being*, all men and all animals, and even all stocks and stones, possess to an equal, and (so far as others are concerned) equally uninteresting, degree; unnatural as it seems to our feelings, and revolting to our pride, there is absolutely nothing distinguished or even distinctive in everybody being himself. Now all individuals, and even more perhaps, all nations, have got quite a number of qualities wherein, to greater or lesser extent, they do happen to differ from one another; qualities and compounds and shades of qualities on which their relations to another, and even themselves, do utterly depend, and whose perception may come to any one of them either as a crashing destructive surprise, or as a friendly familiar habit, as of the kindly peculiarities of one's native soil and climate. The knowledge, the intuition, of *what one is besides not being somebody else*, and of *what some one else is besides his not being oneself*, thus forms the first and fruitfulest object of the *nosce te ipsum*; and in dealing with countries, it is what constitutes the sense of nationality, one's own and other folk's.

Now, in private life, an individual so engrossed in his consciousness of self as to feel none of the specific qualities of other folk, but only other folk's quite relative quality of being others and not himself, such an individual is, even in this world so rich in monsters, a freak of Nature against whose possible existence, as Goethe remarked about trees encroaching too far upon the sky, measures have been taken by Providence, long before the Eugenic Congress was ever thought of. Yet it is just such hide-bound abortions that modern nations endeavor to make themselves, often by deliberate and elaborate methods (not unlike Tariff Reform!) of excluding all knowledge of Past and Present, and fostering the "native manufacture" of rhetorical self-delusion. Thus, letting alone the mendacious notions which school-children of all countries are taught as "history," are not we grown-up people taught, even by an historian like J. R. Green (in his "Making of England"), to identify ourselves proudly with sundry peculiarly barbarous pirates of the Early Iron Age; neither more nor less than modern Alsations are exhorted by Monsieur Barrès to identify themselves with the Latin civilisation which victoriously assimilated its Teutonic invaders? And even as the protection of national industry frequently checks the development of a country's spontaneous resources, diverting men's attention from what their neighbors cannot produce to what their neighbors are not allowed by them to sell, so likewise the artificial fostering of national spirit frequently prevents our seeing and cultivating such good qualities as geographical and historical accident has given us as a free grace, a natural monopoly. For instance, although all British writers of prose and verse have ever taken for granted our superiority in those vague virtues of courage, truthfulness, and magnanimity (modern taste adding civilisation and humanity) which every other nation claims with the self-same monopolising certainty, it has taken a Frenchwoman to point out a *bonâ-fide* virtue of strictly English growth; namely, that friendly readiness to lend a hand wherever needed, to love a job for a job's sake; a comely and fruitful national peculiarity, and explaining so much nowadays explained by self-seeking hustle. That witty "Foemina" of the "Figaro" personifies it in a certain obscure stationmaster of the Great Western, herding her Lares and Penates to a riverside house she had hired, not from hope of fee or thanks, but merely because they had been discharged helpless on his platform, and there was no one else to look after them.

Now that is a national virtue, deserving proud cultivation by ourselves and admiring imitation by other folk. But nations do not notice each other's virtues, let alone imitate them (generations of British residence have not introduced street decency into Latin lands), and are far too engrossed in their own massive imaginary merits to become aware of any trifling real one; puffed out, every one of us, with the windy sense of superiority because *we are we*, other peoples being, as the Greeks said, more or less barbarians; or, as their modern North British substitutes put it, "just pair jaabbering bodies."

So, while a few national virtues are born to blush unseen even in places which are by no means deserts, what a varied and luxuriant show of indigenous moral weeds is set up in every country, equally unchecked by foreign criticism and sheltered by the wall of Chauvinistic self-complacency! For instance, it is only in the last very few years (and not from absolutely disinterested motives) that certain English novelists and playwrights have begun to rail against that self-same British prudery, at present personified by the Lord Chamberlain, which has amazed and amused continentals ever since their re-discovery of our remote and exotic islands. On the other hand, no Frenchman (to my knowledge at least) has yet awakened to the sense that if it is comic and rather disgusting to see elderly English men and women recoil with flustered blushings from "Ann Veronica," it is a deal more disgusting and exquisitely more comic to watch high-minded and academic French fathers (and sometimes mothers) of families writing up Sodom and Gomorrah, and what M. de Rénier sonnetteers as "l'Isle Délicat," in yellow

backs which even more blameless and ingenuous readers pass from hand to hand as "curieux" or "amusants." Indeed, it is one of the melancholy humors of this side of international relations that our French neighbors, perpetually (and justly!) twitting us with our "hypocrisy," indulge without a smile in their own sentimental cant about *la Famille, le Foyer*, and that especially dreary personification, *la Mère*, making up for it by equally conventional and insincere balderdash, this time indecent and cynical, on the subject of what they call *la Femme* and *l'Amour*. Have I not heard a French-bred lady of impeccable virtue and philosophic habits deprecate the decorousness of "Punch" and such like English papers, adding that, for her own part, she could not find things funny unless they were also a little . . . well! what "Punch" does not permit itself to be!

But enough of this! My British readers, as above remarked, do not tolerate allusion to such matters, even in blame of their neighbors. Moreover, they are also (and this they deem rather a virtue) extremely coy to the allurements of abstract discussion of any subject, tearing themselves, Joseph-like, from the toils of any such barren intellectual delights. So let me hasten on towards the end of my reflections, and jump at once to another queer result of *national feeling*, which, as I have said, is quite different from a *feeling for nationalities*. It has made all of us nations so tenacious of our own impeccability, that if we are forced into conversation with our neighbors, we have to pretend that they are impeccable also. The third person has become the only grammatical form for anything faulty or funny, the You reflecting the blameless dignity of the We, by the polite give-and-take of self-conceit and self-justification. And this is surely a loss all round, for (leaving alone the peculiarities which only foreigners could descry and correct in us Britishers) it might, for instance, be just as well if every Anglo-Saxon said out loud how lamentably comic he finds the "continental satisfaction of honor" by an exchange of pistol-shots or sword-thrusts rarely fatal except unintentionally. Many of our continental friends think just the same in their hearts, and deserve backing by a people whose duelling comedies or tragedies are over. Similarly, as regards the most "sympathetic" of all Europeans (albeit their knowledge of being so has lately presumed a little upon our "sympathy"), would it not really be fairer to let them know, instead of only repeating it eternally behind their backs, that the rest of us do not agree that slackness, sluttishness, and lack of public spirit (what they themselves expressively sum up as "*fare il suo commodaccio*") are not the by-products of artistic and poetic genius, a sign (as Alfieri remarked about frequent murders) "that the human plant grows more luxuriantly in Italy than elsewhere," nor in any way a necessary element of that "Primacy" which Gioberti taught his fellow-countrymen to claim over the rest of the civilised or uncivilised world? Be this as it may, a true sense of nationality, meaning thereby sensitiveness to national qualities and differences, would be useful, principally in making us critical and ironical towards ourselves. The feeling that one is of a nation, flesh of its flesh and soul of its soul, might come to mean, not stiffening and hardening ourselves out with vaingloriousness, but growing sensitive to responsibilities; the thought "this country is mine," would bring not only the feeling that each of us should live up to this country's collective glories and virtues, but also that each is involved in its, alas! frequent, lapses from decent living and rational thought. But such alternations of pride, and shame, and amusement (needful to healthy love, whether of countries or individuals) are not often manifested nowadays, for they gain for those who let them be seen a pariah-reputation of lacking in sense of nationality. And the national feeling which the nineteenth century has elaborately taught to the twentieth, is of the kind summed up by the poet:—

"For he himself has said it,
And 'tis greatly to his credit,
That he is an Englishman."

Which, translated by some fashionable Berlitz-method of appropriate gesticulations and ejaculations, may be applied with equal evidence and reason, let alone satisfaction and good repute, to any other nationality you please.

VERNON LEE.

THE NIPPING OF THE BEANS.

THERE is no doubt that Nature means to be obeyed in her autumn mood. We have been given rather more than the usual latitude—there was not a single frost worthy the name in September—but now we have been given clearly to understand that sunshiny days are to be paid for by open skies at night, and the short sharp frost that cuts off tender things. The night frost has come with the sharpness and the precision of a sickle. Everyone recognised the first white morning that declared an end to the wonderful fertility of the scarlet runner, or, as it is called in the country, the kidney bean, that vine of the poor man that once it has covered its nine-foot poles gives continuous food—until the first frost.

Phaseolus multiflorus, the many-flowered bean, always in scarlet blossom, and always bearing among its leaves bunches of pendent pods hastening to set seed if the eye of the gatherer is not vigilant to prevent them, is, next to the potato and the cabbage, the most generally grown of all vegetables, and the most valuable. Its dwarf relatives, commonly called French beans, do not produce the same succession of fruit or pods of the same succulence. It comes from nearer the equator, and from the other side of it, as we sometimes think its method of climbing shows. Our own convolvulus makes its embracing spiral from left to right, or as though it followed the daily course of the sun, from east through south to west. We make our clocks follow the same course, an election between two equal possibilities that shows, or goes to show, that we also are sun-worshippers. The scarlet-runner condemns the example of the northern convolvulus, and winds its spiral generation after generation against the clock, against the sun, and in the manner of its forerunners. In the southern hemisphere the sun rises towards the north. There, clocks, if they were in the fashion, ought to run counter-clockwise according to our notion, writing should run from right to left, and at any rate twining plants should spin their spirals from east through north to west. But the plant that, on being moved to the north, still swings its arm the same way, thus running in opposition to the sun, presents something like a problem in plant psychology. We might imagine that it remembered the difference between right and left better than the original reason for preferring the left to the right.

It is our exotics that suffer first and almost alone from the early night frosts. The broomstick dance of the West Country runs:—

"The frost ha' nipped the 'tatur tops,
And left the kidney beans."

The potato has been no doubt far longer naturalised. Great attention has been paid to it by horticulturists, especially in the direction of securing greater hardiness. We are continually getting our seed from the north, and yet a September frost, so slight that it spares the kidney beans, blackens the haulm, and declares that growth for the year must cease. The potato is, however, an annual, while the bean is by nature a perennial. The potato's life is almost at the end of its course when the early frost shortens it by a few days, only just preventing the full round of its existence. The marrow suffers in the same sudden way, one night below a certain temperature cutting it to the heart, and bringing to a close the long succession of its gargantuan fruit, and there is great nipping in the flower garden where Jack Frost, striding through with his English sickle, smites off the heads of almost every alien he can find.

Our own things take the rime of early morning only to smile the more brightly as the sun converts it into

dew, then evaporates it altogether. Not even the tender lettuce is scorched, and the cosmopolitan roses, whether budded on the English brier or on other stocks that have learnt the way of an English autumn, hold up their lush shoots as stiffly as before. They have only to keep heart through a night of clear sky and frost, and they will be bathed in a day of clear sky and sun. So the spider web that is night-woven into ropes of ice, drips dry and warms into new usefulness; the flies that may have suffered the agony of death come buzzing hotly again round the ivy blossoms, and Arachne has better trade than ever. You can still count on meeting that perpetual summerer, the drone-fly, and, without being counted on, many very brilliant butterflies flaunt with vigor in the brightest sunshine of the year, sandwiched between some of the chilliest nights.

Thus, with laughter and with blows, Dame Nature drives her children into making prudent provision for the winter, which one day will come in earnest. An October frost is enough to send the very little ones and tender ones to bed, and then with sunshiny smiles the bigger ones are told that they may stay up a little longer. There is a great deal of work to be done if winter is to be passed in comfort. Mice and voles, the squirrel, and others are busy collecting such fruits as will keep through a time when there shall be still more cold and still less sunshine. If we strew a few extra delicacies, such as lentils, on a garden path, we shall find them rather quickly vanish, and with patience may see the little misers carrying them off. Or the terrier, surprising a fat regrater, at an unlucky moment digs from the hedge-row a surprising *câche* of wheat grains that have been gleaned from the stubble. These nightly reminders of the great Ice Age to come must very much quicken the primeval instinct to store the storable, as one eats the eatable, fights the fightable, and loves the lovable. Something more than opportunity is needed to make the miser, as the thief, and it is with joy that the little merchants learn that there is valid reason for digging a hole and stuffing it with beautiful things.

We cannot see that the cold nights hasten the disrobing of the trees. The leaves are not to be cast down until their stores have been absorbed by the twigs, and the cutting of them off when they are done with is a vital process, and not one of decay. In fact, the injured leaf stays on longer than the one that is in health. The process is rather arrested than accelerated by the frosts, and trees that have been rapidly becoming bare in the late showery and windy weather now adorn each quiet autumn day with increased brilliancy of amber and scarlet. Umbers and russets leap into crimson and gold as the frank sunshine lights them up. Sometimes a whole hillside is in the bright melancholy of autumn, sometimes there are but veins of molten copper among the green of larches, here and there the emerald of active new growth questions the decree of Nature that summer must end, not a few wild rose bushes have the pink or white blossoms of June side by side with the scarlet hips almost ripe for the birds. The ripeness of the haw is like that of the medlar, not complete until the frost has softened its yellow flesh into pap, and the sloes do not become kindly to the taste till the sharpness of a bitter night has toned their tartness. It is seven months since some of these trees were in blossom, and the time spent in ripening their fruits bespeaks a deliberateness of which Nature is seldom guilty. They are at last whipped into haste by the cold lash of a few autumn nights. It is as though they suddenly remembered that fruit can only succeed when it is attractive. Holly trees that had been all green produce as though by magic more scarlet berries than they have leaves, the privet bunches go black as ink, the spindle-wood drops its leaves and cries aloud its wonderful orange and scarlet wares. Drones and butterflies and the leaves that will not live again may take pleasure in the sunshine, but those that intend to leap the winter must hasten—spiders to roll their eggs in silk, mice to store a larder, hips and haws to secure birds for their transplanting. The signal smites down the weaklings in their prime, but it quickens the rest to the business of living.

Pictures of Travel.

A PAGEANT AT BRUGES.

THE present writer has never seen one of the "pageants" of late years so popular in England. Neither, if the truth must be told, has he ever experienced any very keen desire to do so. There has always seemed to him something very unspontaneous and self-conscious about these revivals. Moreover, many of these spectacles come very near to a falsification of history. It is, of course, extremely difficult to give a triumphant and satisfactory representation of a compromise. Many of the most salient facts of English history are anathema to numbers of the most enthusiastic and intelligent advocates of pageantry. In depicting the sixteenth century, for instance, the English pageant-maker, if he wishes to avoid giving offence to any of the spectators, must either pretend that the Reformation never happened at all (which seems to be the course generally adopted) or by some marvel of ingenuity suggest that both the contending parties were on the same side, and that both were right. All such representations have only a sectarian, or, at best, a national, interest; they have no background of a large and informing idea behind them. How different was the religious pageantry of the Middle Ages! It was universal in its appeal, it was intelligible to all, understood at once by all. It was catholic, not national; still less sectional. It dealt not with the triumph of Englishmen over Spaniards, but with the redemption of Man. Everybody knew the story; nobody ever tired of it. Divine, eternal things were presented in lowly human guise. The whole of it revolved ceaselessly around two points, a Mother with a little Child, a lowly Sufferer dying in pain. There was nothing doubtful or disputatious about this. Everybody responded.

There is one corner of Europe where the old religious pageantry is still alive. The making of pageants has always been the peculiar gift of the Flemings. In Belgium, at this day, better even than in the Tyrol, one may still see all these things. The most marvellous sacred spectacle in Europe takes place every year on the Monday after the Invention of the Cross, at Bruges. This is the Procession of the relic of the Sacred Blood, which every year on that day is carried through the town. We had often heard of this Procession, and this year it was our good fortune to see it.

Circumstances being propitious, we had the, for us, unwonted experience of crossing the Channel on a Saturday, and were in Bruges the same night. Who does not know the contented little town, with its quaint old houses, its canals with their shimmering reflections in the water, its solemn churches on the quay sides and in the narrow streets, always alive with the busy, contented fervor of coming and going worshippers, lively rosy children, and rheumatically, gossiping old alms-women with faces out of Van Eyck, its restful, soothing chimes, its homely, friendly Flemish, which one hears spoken everywhere? It is refreshing to find so many people who cling to the kindly tongue of their own little country, and who know no French. To the present writer there is something peculiarly touching in the speech of little countries. Little languages are the servants of the people, not their imperious masters forcing them to attempt difficult, indeed impossible, feats. Flemish, like the spoken Italian, appears to vary from place to place. For example, on one church door in Bruges, we saw the Feast of Pentecost called by the quaint, delightful name of "Pinksten," on another it appeared as "Sinxen." Both words, of course, are versions of the German "Pfingsten."

The great artistic treasure of Bruges is the collection of Memlings in the Hôpital de Saint-Jean. Here is the great chasse painted with the story of St. Ursula and the Eleven Thousand Virgins of Cologne. Here is the Nativity with Hans Memling's own face looking through the stable-window at the scene. Here is the Pietà, where after four hundred years tears like

pearls still fall down the cheeks of the Madonna and St. John. Here are, indeed, infinite riches in a little room.

But to the immense majority of the thousands of Flemish peasants who pour into the city for the fête, its chief pride and glory is in none of these things, but in the little phial of the Sacred Blood shed on Mount Calvary, brought to Bruges from the Holy Land in the year 1149, and preserved there ever since. Benediction is given with it as with the Host, by a priest in cope and humeral veil. As it passes, a bell rings and the people kneel. There is a relic of the kind at Mantua, brought there from Calvary by Longinus himself. Before the Reformation there existed in England a similar relic at Ashbridge, and there was, again, the famed "Holy Blood of Hailes." The procession which escorts the Bruges relic through the kneeling multitude of the faithful takes three-quarters of an hour in passing, and exhibits, not only pageants in honor of their patron saints from every parish in Bruges, but a scenic representation of the whole Gospel story, and its prefiguration in the Old Testament.

On the sunny Sunday afternoon we had a foretaste of the great Monday procession, in the procession of St. Walburga, which left the quay-side church of that name, and passed solemnly through the whole parish. The representation here was the life of St. Walburga, followed by the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary. The Host was carried, as it is not in the great procession, and the whole scene was most impressive and dignified. St. Walburga came first in the splendor of her worldly state, her sumptuous train borne by handmaids, and followed by quaint little page-boys in velvet hats and white feathers and old Court dress. She was then seen bearing a ship, possibly the ship in which, with her brother, she sailed down the Rhine from Mainz to the Low Countries, then with a church, no doubt some abbey of her foundation; and, after various stages, as the Lady Abbess, with her veil and crook. The fifteen little girls of the mysteries of the Rosary, five in blue for the joyful, five in red for the sorrowful, five in gold for the glorious, each held aloft the gleaming banner of her mystery. Every one of the fifteen dresses was embroidered down its whole length with the Mystic Rose. The Flemings of old were skilled makers of sumptuous vestments. There are no vestments in the world like the dalmatics and stoles in Hans Memling's pictures. The grouping and arrangement of this splendid little bit of pageantry was truly admirable.

On the great day, from the earliest dawn the streets were thronged by crowds of pilgrims on their way to venerate the relic in its chapel of the Saint Sang. From thence it was solemnly carried by the clergy with lights and incense, and the pathetic cadence of the "Veni, Sancte Spiritus," to the Cathedral of St. Sauveur. Candles were lighted in every window as it passed. After the High Mass it was taken out of the church, escorted by three bishops in copes and mitres. It was there met by the various cortèges sent from every parish in Bruges.

First came lancers on horseback, and military music. Then the procession opened with the Life of St. Mary Magdalene. We saw her, first, in her butterfly robes, then with her precious ointment, then as the penitent in the cave of La Baume. The parish of St. Anne sent the tree of Jesse, crowned with the Mother and Child. Jesse himself, a tall stripling, had his name blazoned on his breast. But one cannot speak of all the Saints with their quaint Flemish legends. Here was St. Anthony, the scourge of heretics, and St. Barbara, the fast friend of the Holy Trinity, and St. Anne, our certain succor in the hour of death. Here was the life of St. Giles, the life of St. Barbara, the life of St. James. The last Saint, as a fisherman, was attended by a cohort of fisher boys with nets ("I will make you fishers of men"), and as a pilgrim by a throng of tiny pilgrims in red, with staves and gourds and scallop shells. From the Cathedral of St. Sauveur white-clad children carried the May-pole of the Holy Name. There came, first, a company of little boys representing its glorification by all nations, Great Britain, oddly enough, leading the way,

and, more oddly still, being represented by a boy in a kilt. The young girls followed, Belgium the fair queen of all. They carried scrolls bearing, in the homely Flemish tongue, all the caressing titles of the Litany of the Holy Name—"Minnelijke Jesus," "Wondelijke Jesus," "Jesus, onze Toevlucht." Then came the Seven Sorrows of our Lady. If we remember rightly, it was in connection with this group there appeared a little St. John Baptist in charge of a very little Jesus, whom he had great difficulty in keeping in due order and in his place. The little fellow betrayed a constant tendency to wander away. Indeed, when we saw the procession on its return journey these two figures had disappeared. They had, no doubt, dropped out.

After the groups from the Parish Churches came the Biblical cortège. First, the Patriarchs, then the stories of the pre-figuring types—Abraham with the knife and the beloved son Isaac laden with the wood, Joseph sold by his brethren (the carrying off of the captive lad by the Ishmaelites, by the way, was described by an English illustrated newspaper as the "Arrest of a Christian"), then the Prophets, the central figure, of course, being royal David with his harp and crown.

Before the Crib of the Nativity came a white-robed throng of angels, chanting "Gloria in excelsis Deo." The Crib was followed by the men and women of Bethlehem, singing "Adeste Fideles." The gestures and acting of this group were most admirable. The "Presentation in the Temple" followed, and then came what was, perhaps, the finest thing in the whole procession—the Boy in the Temple, a strikingly handsome lad, with great dignity, disputing with the puzzled doctors of the law, opening their scrolls to verify his words and shaking their wise old heads as they found that what he said was true. Then a burst of loud Hosannas and the triumphal waving of palm branches, then the Garden of Olives (the figure of Judas a triumph of art), then the carrying of the Cross. Then the Holy Relic itself, and all fell on their knees.

Some English people staying in the hotel were greatly troubled and perplexed, not so much at the procession itself, as at the subsequent fair. "I cannot see how they reconcile the two things," they said. This is a very common English attitude. "Are you aware what I heard one of your chief communicants say to me as she came out of church on Sunday night?" inquired a woman of a clerical friend of our own; "she said, 'Have you seen my new bonnet?'" The chief attraction of the fair at Bruges was "la roue joyeuse," a circular revolving board, in the middle of which the patients sat, until, amid shouts of laughter, they were whirled off, on this side and on that. Well, they are of Bruges and of the country round, these simple folk; they pass their moment in the little space beneath the carillon that always keeps the hours. Amid the surging crowd around the joyous wheel, we saw a baby in his mother's arms make with freedom and royalty the very gesture of the Holy Child. Then, as so often, a change and a transfiguration passed over the whole scene, a new value and dignity was given to every unit of that crowd of Flemish peasants, born at all adventure (so the Wise Man said), and hereafter to be as though they had never been. Every sufferer was the Saving Victim, every mother was the Mother Immaculate, every child was the Divine Child. And one saw, once more, how unique is the value to mankind of all these things!

R. L. G.

Music.

THE BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

THE Birmingham Festival of 1909 brought that venerable institution down to something like its lowest ebb; both the committee and the conductor had lost

touch with the actualities of music, and the result was no less disastrous artistically than it was financially. It was a wise move, therefore, to appoint Sir Henry Wood to the conductorship for the present year; for however much one may have to disagree with his readings now and then, no one will question his enthusiasm and his faculty for work. He did great things for the Festival. In a very little while he made out of a composite orchestra one of the most organic wholes one could wish to meet with; in conjunction with Mr. Wilson he made the choir into as fine a representative of its type—the massive Festival type—as one has ever heard; and he gave an air of vitality and distinction to everything that came within his scope. The absence of his strong and expert hand was sadly felt when the baton passed from it to the hands of some of the conductors who directed their own works. Considerable skill, too, had been shown in the choice of soloists, Mr. Casals, Mr. Whitehill, and Madame Aekté in particular giving the Festival unusual distinction. On the other hand, there were some blunders in the selection; one of the tenors and one of the baritones were hopelessly outclassed by their colleagues. The finest performances were of course those of the orchestra alone, especially the "Don Quixote" and "Salome" of Strauss. But the "Manzoni" Requiem of Verdi, in spite of the failure of one of the solo singers, was an unforgettable experience; and not far behind it were the "Matthew Passion" and the "Sea Drift" of Delius.

The Festival was unusually rich in important new or quasi-new works. The programme originally included the "Prometheus" of Scriabine, but this was withdrawn a week or so before the Festival began, to the disappointment of musicians and to the damage of the prestige of the Festival. Even more important than some of the quite new works was the introduction of such things as Delius's "Sea Drift" and certain things of Strauss. These, along with the Sibelius Symphony, had the advantage of not only being fine music in themselves, but of making a good many of the more stereotyped elements of the programme seem like shabby old garments beside a brilliant new robe, and, incidentally, of making it obvious even to the plain man how much more daring and more interesting continental musical thought is than ours. We are still too much preoccupied with musical morality and the platitudes associated with it; these foreigners, having escaped all the influences—the oratorio habit, the organ loft, the examination room—that chill the blood and numb the intelligence of thousands of English musicians, have their senses alert to a thousand things in life of which most of our own men seem to have no consciousness. Some perception of this must be dawning even on our audiences. The Festival fizzled out in an anti-climax on the Friday night with Elgar's "Apostles." It was not alone the tepid quality of the performance that bore the audience down with ennui; it was largely pure weariness of the endless English topic of religion in music. Coming after the "Salome" music of the afternoon, the evening oratorio inevitably seemed churchy and provincial. Elgar himself, indeed, has taught us by his symphonies to see beyond "The Apostles."

Delius was fortunate enough to escape from England in his youth, and he has developed into one of the few really original composers now living. His "Sea Drift" was the first large work of his to be heard in Birmingham. It made a profound impression, in spite of a performance that missed a good deal of the subtle poetry of the music. Sibelius's fourth symphony gave the audience the toughest of nuts to crack, and left them frankly puzzled. The work confuses, at a first hearing, not by reason of any elaboration of tissue, but by its drastic simplification both of idea and of expression. Sibelius has no need of the grossly swollen orchestral apparatus of the average modern composer. His scores are as simple in appearance as those of Beethoven. With his clean strength of thought he has no need to be dressing platitudes in sumptuous raiment. In this fourth symphony he has carried his normal simplicity and directness of speech to extraordinary lengths. Those who were confounded by it at the Festival may be assured that its appeal grows

greatly as one knows it better. It is still the Sibelius of old—dour and tender in turns, rarely smiling, but without Tchaikovsky's tearfulness and self-pity—but the soul of the man has now obviously retired further into itself, and is brooding at a depth to which it is not easy to follow him without a guide. But even the Philistine, one imagines, must feel at once that here is a powerful brain seizing upon life in its own way.

Elgar's new work, "The Music Makers," is of relatively small scope. It shows him, too, facing life in his characteristic way—thoughtfully, nervously, questioningly. His experiment of utilising quotations from earlier works of his own has been completely successful. Not only are they introduced with singular effect and appositeness, but it is difficult to see what other music could have served the purpose better or as well. Dr. Walford Davies's "Song of St. Francis" is the most homogeneous in style of all the works he has written since "Everyman." The mystic vein he exploited so successfully in that work is evidently fundamental in him, and is clearly not yet exhausted. The work, however, is no *réchauffé* of "Everyman"; Dr. Davies has gone far both as thinker and technician during the last eight years; and his latest work, though superficially resembling the earlier one, goes far beyond it in subtlety of expression and certainty of handling. Parts of it, too, suggest, as parts of "Noble Numbers" and "Lift up your Hearts" did, that beside the mystic in him there is a vigorous realist or romanticist who is at present only half-conscious of himself, but will some day break his bonds.

Mr. Bantock, in trying to make an orchestral drama of Browning's "Fifine at the Fair," has aimed at the impossible; it is, at all events, impossible as he has conceived it, for, in his handling, everything that is most characteristic of Browning and almost everything that is most vital to the poem has been sacrificed. What Mr. Bantock has done is to take the outlines of the story with the minimum of psychology; it is like having the action of "Hamlet" without the philosophy of it. Little stress need be laid upon his strange misunderstanding both of Browning's prologue and his epilogue; at the finish the composer makes the forgiving Elvire return to the penitent Don Juan after a long absence, and the pair settle down to comfortable domesticity! What is more important is that Mr. Bantock has turned Browning's drama inside out, as it were. To the poet the psychology is the main thing; the country fair and other external matters are only incidents seen for a moment through a break in the tissue of the drama, as people in a room catch a fleeting glimpse of the country through a door blown open by the wind. The musician has been ill-advised enough to paint the external scene full-scale, giving us a realistic description of the fair, its noises and its humors. At the end, again, we have a futile piece of realism in the knock of Elvire at her husband's door; and at the beginning more realism in the picture of the sea and the butterfly. All this is mere waste of time and energy. On second thoughts Mr. Bantock will probably recognise that he would have made his work more powerful by dispensing with externalities, and making the whole "action" take place in the brain of Don Juan. This is the method that Strauss had the genius to see was the most appropriate one for his symphonic poem "Macbeth." The other method inevitably gives a touch of banality or childishness to the work. The composer has not done himself justice by warming up this work of his youth. If it were wholly a composition of the present year, one would be inclined to say that certain melodic and rhythmic mannerisms of his early days had become petrified in him. That is not the case, but it is unwise of him to endanger his reputation by laying himself open to misunderstandings of this kind. But in spite of a good deal of undistinguished writing, the work often touches real heights, and it is scored with extraordinary skill. One could hardly wish to listen to a richer or more beautiful flood of tone. The only pity is that the body is not always worthy of its gorgeous dress.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

Letters from Abroad.

THE HOPES OF MONTENEGRO.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In these days when the Great Powers, being anxious beyond everything to keep the outward peace in Europe, do not scruple to apply financial pressure to their smaller brethren, so that even hopes which have the highest moral sanction must advance no further, there is reason to fear that this small, rugged state of Montenegro will not be allowed to realise her dreams, and that we need not think of them as being more than picturesque material for another sonnet by another Tennyson. And if it happens that the Great Powers look askance at each other, they will keep an equally strict eye on those brethren who would seize the opportunity. For instance, in Albania the civilising penetration, let us call it, of the Austrians and the Italians has excluded the idea that a portion of the spoil should go to Montenegro. In the course of years these two allies—whose common frontier is perhaps more closely guarded than is any other—have been interested greatly in the future of Albania. They have founded many schools in which the young Albanians may learn the arts of peace; in the Italian schools the education has been largely economic, while the Austrian Franciscans have endeavored to attract the students by those letters which are termed humane. But the schools have never taught the natives that a portion of their country should be given to King Nicholas. And yet the time has come when this old monarch, cantering so gaily on his Arab charger through the wide streets of his village-capital, may reasonably think that on this gift of Abdul Hamid's he will soon be riding to a new dominion. He may think the frontier will be "rectified," and it is not the poet in him but the shrewd old statesman who is cherishing this view. The moment seems no longer distant when the Treaty of Berlin will be revised.

The territorial aspirations of this little country may, to put the matter in a nutshell, be described as (a) the vaguer dream of a Great Serb dominion, (b) the much more modest hope that certain districts in the country which we call Albania will revert to Montenegro. With the first of these ambitions we need not, for the moment, concern ourselves; although if it should be officially thrown over by King Nicholas, he would have all the Press of Belgrade at his ears. They would revile him for deserting the Great Cause. There is indeed no love lost between the Montenegrins and the Servians. Belonging to the self-same race and with the same religion and same language, the men of Montenegro feel for the Servians the contempt of highlanders for the people of the plain. The Montenegrins did not, like the Servians, ever yield to Turkish masters, and the present politics of Belgrade and Cetinje are as different as may be. In the former, the prevailing radical opinions do not coincide with great devotion to the dynasty, while in the latter dwell conservatism and the most profound loyalty. King Nicholas, moreover, is the type of a paternal regent, which his son-in-law of Serbia assuredly is not. Not only is it said in Belgrade that King Nicholas has sold himself to Austria—because he has the common prudence to be on good terms with his strong neighbor—but the Servian Government connive with, or at least tolerate, the propaganda carried on against King Nicholas at Belgrade. On the fall of M. Radovitch, the Progressist Prime Minister of Montenegro, in 1907, and during the campaign against his party on the discovery of the so-called bomb conspiracy, he fled to Serbia, and thence to Paris. It is said that the bombs were manufactured in the Servian arsenal at Kragujevatz. Now the ex-Prime Minister, who came back to be tried, is kept in chains, while others of the pro-Servian party lie in prison. We may, therefore, put aside the hope of a great Serb dominion; still more so that large kingdom which some Austrians would make for all the southern Slavs, with a capital at Agram.

It is much more profitable to take Montenegro's modest hopes into consideration. These have been brought some way to fulfilment by the war in Tripoli, and the Italians may be more inclined to come to terms because of Austria's activity among the peoples of Albania. What this activity precisely is it would be hard to say. What is certain is that in Albania and in Montenegro both the present combatants have lost prestige. However, it would be inaccurate to say that the Italians have, owing to this war, lost fresh ground in Montenegro; for they have been losing it this long time past, and as compared with Russia and with Austria, they play a very minor rôle. The marriage of the King's daughter does not seem to rouse the Montenegrins to enthusiasm; they are prouder of the fact that two of them have married Russian Grand Dukes. And the Italians have not given satisfaction with the steamer service on the Lake of Scutari or with the railway to Antivari. Far more efficient is the Austrian service by the mountain road from Cattaro. In 1908, owing to the annexation of Bosnia, there was a movement to be friendlier with Italy at the expense of Austria, but this has shown itself to be misguided—the Italians were deficient both in enterprise and in organisation. The result has been that in such commodities as sugar, coffee, &c., the price to the consumer has increased. So, then, in Montenegro the Italians are not anyhow in a position to assert themselves.

The present war has given Austria and Montenegro, marching side by side, their opportunity in the Albanian country. By the Treaty of Berlin, for which we are partly responsible, the district of Berana was withdrawn from Montenegro. But quite possibly there is not a single Mussulman established in Berana. The Treaty of San Stefano allotted, very justifiably, this part to the Montenegrins, and it would be well if now at last it could be made effectual. The Montenegrins can appeal to ethnographical reasons. We can scarcely sympathise so keenly with them where the claim is on historic grounds, as when they ask for territories over which the famous Stephen Dushan reigned from 1331 to 1355. What they mainly look for, in addition to Berana and the neighboring district, is the country further into the Albanian province that would give them not alone the Monastery of Great Dechani, which has long been an oasis of the Serbs, but the country down to Prisrend, whose green pasturage King Nicholas claims in his poem. Prisrend is known in the remotest eerie of the land. Its popular title, "Down There," proclaims it to be the rightful property of Montenegro, for it is the seat of the ruined castle of the Nemanja dynasty, which became extinct in 1367. But although Montenegro has the Serb oases, it will be most difficult to deal with those Mohammedans who live between them. Montenegro was unable to assert her sovereignty in Plava or Gusinje (given by the Congress of Berlin), which are inhabited predominantly by the Mussulman Albanians; the resistance which she may expect from others of the same faith will be no less bitter. This will be appreciated in Cetinje, though King Nicholas insists that in the old days it was possible for all this variegated population to live happily together under alien chiefs, or chiefs like those whom he has celebrated in his play "The Empress of the Balkans," who were of a different race from many of their subjects. He will be more fortunate, no doubt, with his successors than was Ivan, whose second son went over to the Turks and tried to take Cetinje. The elder one defeated him, but found that the amenities of life in Venice (he was married to a daughter of the Doge) surpassed those of Cetinje, for he decamped and left the local bishop to administer the lonely State as best he could.

But though the Montenegrins may be faithful to each other, they will find that many Russian bullets and much Russian money will be needed ere the country of the Zeta can be wholly joined to Montenegro. Ivan took upon himself the title "Prince of the Zeta," and it has been conferred upon Prince Mirko, the artistic second son of King Nicholas. Part of the Zeta is now Montenegrin; the other part will not be easy to acquire. A well-known expert on Albania, who is at this moment succoring the

refugees, says that the Mohammedan Albanians will never consent to have King Nicholas or his successors ruling over them. And if the Russians do not keep up the supply of arms and other help—their peaceful attitude throughout the war in Tripoli has been severely criticised in Montenegro—it would seem as if King Nicholas would have to be content with looking forward to new subjects who are willing to become his men, and who should have been his for years. They will not be put off by seeing that there is now a Constitution in Montenegro, for the late leader of the Opposition is in prison, and the present deputies are almost to a man the followers of M. Tomanovitch, against whose enemies the King has openly declared himself. In April, 1907, he assailed them with the utmost vigor, and if he attacked their houses, one may urge in his defence that he has been a patriarchal governor for fifty years. He may be seen to-day administering justice in the open air. The great elm under which he used to sit was struck by lightning and destroyed, and a house was built in which from time to time the Parliament assembles. But King Nicholas knows just as much about a Constitution as do those five hundred Montenegrins and Christian Albanians who will gather round him, in the deepest reverence, this afternoon.—Yours, &c.,

HENRY BAERLEIN.

Cetinje, Montenegro, October 1st, 1912.

Letters to the Editor.

LIBERALS AND FOREIGN POLICY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—To judge by your correspondence columns, Constitutionalism is clearly out of fashion.

Seeing that many Liberals keenly resent the Persian policy of the Government, Mr. Brailsford can think of nothing better to advise than that they should join with the suffragists in destroying their party, and the fair hopes that depend on its continued triumph; whilst that genial anarchist, Mr. Cunninghame Graham, is all for a wild political gamble at our neighbors' expense, staking the birth-right of Ireland for a chance of converting the Cabinet to a right way of thinking where the Far East is concerned. Verily, 'tis a stiff-necked and undisciplined generation.

Before resorting to such methods of barbarism, might it not, after all, be better and simpler to try the regular, humdrum procedure provided for in the machinery of our despised party system?

The founders of the National Liberal Federation were true democrats who took pains to keep that admirable organisation independent of the official element. In accordance with the rules they formulated, local Liberal Associations are invited, every year, to send up resolutions to the Federation meetings for discussion and decision. If strong resolutions be sent in from a number of counties, and adopted by the General Council, is it likely that the Government would ignore the portent?

Liberals in the House must, of course, close their ranks in face of the Tory foe; but weighty representations can be made through the Whips' Office, especially if backed by strong pressure from the constituencies. Again, there seems no reason why that useful, though very occasional, institution, the Parliamentary Party Meeting, should not be invoked, on due necessity, for the discussion of matters of vital import, such as Persian policy and its bearing on the safety of India, free from the bondage of the distracting need to avoid Parliamentary catastrophe.

The trouble is not in the party system, as half-fledged politicians always think, but in the want of courage and loyalty to party principles, with which it is too often worked.—Yours, &c.,

OSWALD EARP.

Riber, Matlock,
October 10th, 1912.

[We commend our correspondent's admirable letter to officials and members of the National Liberal Federation.—
ED., NATION.]

THE NEW COMBINATION AGAINST TURKEY.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—While entirely agreeing with the main points of the article in your issue of September 14th, may I still further emphasise some of the causes of the present state of Turkey?

"That the war with Italy has not meant much damage to Turkey proper" is true in the sense only that Turkey proper has not suffered territorial loss. In prestige, Turkey has suffered enormously. Mohammedans, I find, are now declaring that the Turk cannot even defend the Empire, let alone govern it. I do not mean the politicians in Constantinople, who keep up a bold face before Europe; but the ordinary peasants, who formerly looked on the Sultan as all-powerful. Some have remarked to me shrewdly on recent events.

A Moslem Slav, from a district till now reputed very fanatical, came to speak with me. In the course of a long indictment of things Turkish, he said: "I thought once that to be a good Moslem one must live under the Sultan. Now I know it is not so; we cannot live like this any longer. There is no law—not Sheriat nor any other. If you go to a judge, he will steal all you have. The only way here is to have a gun and protect yourself. I believe all other lands are better than ours. Now, I have seen another land myself. I have been to Italy to sell horses for the soldiers."

"For Tripoli?"

"Yes," he smiled gravely; "for Tripoli. God willing, the Turks will be beaten, and we shall have another Government. They cannot fight. The Albanians have beaten them, and they have lost Tripoli."

Another Moslem said: "The Turks are no good; they cannot protect the Empire. They have lost Tripoli, because they had no troops there to fight an enemy. All their soldiers were fighting their own subjects!" He laughed, contemptuously.

He struck here the root of the whole matter.

The army upon which Mahmoud Shekret insisted on lavishing the lion's share of the national revenues has been used solely in order to carry out the plan of forcibly Ottomanising the subject peoples. This was begun in 1909 with every species of brutality.

That the army was needed to ensure Turkey against foreign attack, was the excuse for this expenditure. But the hour of need found the coasts of the Empire undefended. The army—financed by European money—was occupied in inflicting foul and most horrible tortures in Macedonia; in closing schools and flogging the schoolmasters and priests; in burning Albanian villages; in outraging women; in sacking and defiling churches; in plundering villages.

The facts have been known to Europe for the past two years; but Europe continues to supply the Turk with the necessary funds for carrying on the work. And the Turk thus supported is carrying it out with reckless barbarism. If he is to survive, he must stamp out the subject races. He can allow them no equality but that to be obtained by "levelling-down," for, intellectually, he is their inferior.

As an example of his processes: On September 5th, at Heimeli, in Scutari Vilayet, fifteen Catholics were arrested by night in their own houses and bound. That these villagers, two days before, had been told by the Vali of Scutari that they need not fear molestation, is only one more example of Turkish treachery. On hearing that an attempt at rescue was about to be made, the troops tore out the eyes of the bound men, chopped off their feet, and cleft the skulls of four, and smeared the brains about. They then killed several aged persons in their beds, wounded many people, and left the village.

The Mudir of this district has expressed the determination to re-populate it with imported Moslems, for the Christians are fleeing.

It is such deeds as these that cause bomb-throwing. As a Christian subject of the Turk recently remarked to me: "Europe supports the Turk. The Great Powers, it appears, then, like barbarism. We have appealed to them in vain. They will neither help us themselves, nor allow others to help us. They want savagery. By God! they shall have it!"

You have, in *THE NATION*, spoken strongly for Persia's right to exist. May I trust that you will make a similar effort to protect the Balkan peoples? Are they thus to be tortured and exterminated by aid of European money, in

order that when the Turk goes—as go he must, sooner or later—there may be no rightful heirs surviving to inherit his lands? For it would appear that this is the object of what is now going on.—Yours, &c.,

M. E. DURHAM.

Montenegro.

THE LIBERAL PARTY AND THE TAXATION OF LAND VALUES.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—From what has appeared in the Liberal press and the "Labor Leader" lately, one would imagine that the taxation of land values was something new to Liberalism, whereas it has been the avowed official policy of the party for four-and-twenty years.

Let me tell the story. Henry George came to this side in October, 1881, and in August of the following year, while on a visit to Ireland, was twice arrested through police blundering. The incident had this redeeming feature that it advertised "Progress and Poverty" as, perhaps, nothing else could have done. Then the "Times" gave the book a fine column review, said, by the "Athenæum," to have been written by Fraser Rae. This review, as George himself said, was "written with great skill, for the purpose of calling attention to the book." The purpose was so successfully attained that the stock in the publisher's hands was exhausted by the afternoon of the day on which the review appeared. For several years, subsequently, Henry George was the central figure of a series of vigorous crusades in Great Britain and Ireland, and to a few of us who saw him off at Liverpool at the conclusion of his last tour in this country he said: "Be of good cheer. The single tax will enter practical politics on your side in the form of taxation of land values."

Already the phrase was in use. The Report of the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes appeared in the spring of 1885. Sir Charles Dilke was chairman of the Commission, and his late Majesty King Edward VII., Cardinal Manning, and other prominent men were members of it. The Report suggested that land in the vicinity of towns should be rated at, say, 4 per cent. on its selling value, and recommended that "these matters should be included in legislation when the law of rating comes to be dealt with by Parliament."

In 1888, at the Birmingham meeting of the National Liberal Federation, one of the official resolutions included these words: "That it is necessary, at the earliest possible moment, to deal with the question of ground rents and values and of mining royalties." At the Manchester meeting of the Federation in the following year, one of the official resolutions began thus: "That this Council declares that in any reform of the land laws, a just and equitable taxation of land values and ground rents is an essential condition." At the general meeting in Manchester, Mr. Gladstone, the Rt. Hon. Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. (now Lord) Morley, and other leading Liberals were present. Sir James Kitson presided at the evening demonstration in the Free Trade Hall, and, in introducing Mr. Gladstone, observed:—

"They also believed, by the resolutions the Conference had passed, that the food of the people of this country should be freed from taxation, believing, as they did, that there was wealth enough in this land, if the right people were rated—if ground rents were taxed—if the landlords paid an equitable tax, to entirely free the food of the people from taxation."

I was present at these Manchester meetings, and remember well the unanimity and enthusiasm with which the taxation of land values was adopted.

From that day to this the taxation of land values has been an integral part of Liberal policy, and has been advocated by Mr. Gladstone, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. Asquith, and, indeed, by all leading Liberals.

For men calling themselves Liberals to object now to the advocacy of the proposal, or to say, as the "Labor Leader" does, that this is a doctrine "which the leaders of Liberalism would be the first to repudiate," and that "the electors are being told, dishonestly and untruthfully, that these ideas form part of Liberalism" is to me very strange. The taxation of land values may be as wicked as one or two

men calling themselves Liberals declare it to be. If it is, I, who have been working hard for it for the past thirty years, should be glad to be shown my error, in order that I may do something in the way of penance. Again, if it is as ineffective, for the purpose its advocates have in view, as the "Labor Leader" would have us believe, I should be grateful to be shown a more excellent way. But, just or unjust, wise or foolish, it is, and has been for four-and-twenty years, the official policy of the Liberal Party, always provided, of course, that official resolutions and public utterances of responsible leaders mean anything.

Accordingly, I ask to be allowed to protest, with all possible emphasis, against what I must describe as the treachery to Liberalism which the repudiation of the taxation of land values signifies.—Yours, &c.,

HAROLD RYLETT.

Tenterden, Kent.

ROMAN CATHOLICS AND HOME RULE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It is not improbably assumed by many who have not had experience of the Home Rule movement at close quarters that, in the event of the Bill now before Parliament not becoming law, a very deep feeling of disappointment would be experienced over a large part of Ireland. It is important, therefore, if possible, to ascertain what is the general opinion of the influential Roman Catholics on this point, as they, of course, are the majority, and for whose benefit the Bill is presumably being promoted. I happen to have seen a letter from a Roman Catholic gentleman, written within the last few days, to a lady who had answered a communication which he had made to the public press. This is what he says:—"There are very many Roman Catholic Unionists here in Cork County and City, especially among the business people; but, although wishing our cause every success, they cannot identify themselves with the Unionist movement, from a business point of view. We have their good wishes, and, better still, their subscriptions. None of the farmers want Home Rule, but will not come forward, as they are afraid to do so. We held a very successful meeting of protest some months ago, at which the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Middleton, Lord Kenmare, &c., spoke, and we will hold another very soon. Home Rule can never come."

It is fairly evident from this that the trend of influential public opinion is against the measure; and, more important still, it is implied that the Roman Catholic priesthood are not, as a whole, favorable to the Bill, or they would use their great influence to carry the laity with them. It is notorious (as the writer says) that the farmers are quite apathetic about the Bill, as is shown by their backwardness in supporting the Parliamentary Fund.

Leaving out of account altogether the enormous solid mass of Unionist opposition in the Northern Province, it is plain that the dead weight of opinion against the Bill in the other provinces is such as to suggest that the failure of the measure, from any cause, to reach the Statute Book would be received with surprising equanimity by a much larger class than is commonly supposed.—Yours, &c.,

F. G. McCLINTOCK, Dean of Armagh.

Drumcar Rectory, Dunleer, Co. Louth.

October 7th, 1912.

ULSTER AND HOME RULE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your leader to-day you ask, "What does Ulster want?" The answer is given in Sir Samuel Ferguson's verse by the Loyal Orangeman:—

"Tho' rebelly Papishees may call
My loyalty 'conditional,'
I never did insist upon,
Or ask conditions beyont the one—
The crown of the causey on road and on street,
And the rascally Papishees under my feet."

The spirit that animates North-East Ulster to-day is the spirit that fires the Turk—the spirit of racial and religious domination. Your mild palliative of a Referendum, complicated as it would be by the Insurance Act and Fiscal Reform, leaves them cold. They have announced on many platforms that they will not have Home Rule, and when in the Veto Conference their position seemed insecure, they

were prepared to rend the Unionist leaders. You English don't seem to apprehend the position of what is called "Ulster." Cut off from Ulster the 250,000 men, women, and children who form the ascendancy party in Belfast, and the majority of the people of Ulster are Home Rulers. Cut off from Belfast the 8,000 inhabitants of Sandy Row and the Queen's Island, and not a revolver would be fired or a rivet thrown to maintain the Union. The theatrical leaders are not made of the stuff that would descend into the streets. Is this handful to be permitted to veto a measure required by the Empire and by Ireland? If there was an election in Derry to-morrow, the Nationalists would win the seat, and a majority of the representatives of Ulster would be Home Rulers. A little cool investigation of the statistics of Ulster would dissipate the fanciful schemes of Mr. Churchill or your own scarcely less weakening suggestions.—Yours, &c.,

X.

October 5th, 1912.

[Ulster can have no power of vetoing Home Rule against the will of the nations of the Empire. So long as she takes that position, Liberals have nothing to say to her.—ED., NATION.]

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your last issue you state that Ulster could obtain almost any terms for its acceptance of Home Rule. When were such terms offered to it? The only terms that I know of were, "Be a good boy; shut your eyes and swallow what I put into your mouth." When did Mr. Asquith offer to vary one line of his Bill? His language has always been, "This resistance of Ulster is all moonshine. It is brag and bluster and nothing more. We have only to go on straight and they will swallow the entire dose exactly as it is without any resistance."

You suggest that provision might be made for giving North-Eastern Ulster a real influence in the Irish Parliament. This, so far as the Commons are concerned, would be impossible without a wide departure from the population principle, and if the Ulstermen asked to have such a departure made in their favor there would be a general outcry at the unreasonableness of the demand. The restoration of the Irish House of Lords might have done something to obviate this objection, for the Ulstermen would have many sympathisers among the Irish Peers. But the Irish Second Chamber is to be nominated by the Government—that is, in effect, by the majority; and while the Irish minority will have some representatives in the Lower House, it will have none at all in the Upper. A single chamber would be better for the minority than such a double chamber as this.

The claim of Ireland is that, though the Irish are a minority of the people of the British Isles, there is a sufficient local majority to justify them in asking for self-rule. Ulster seems to me to occupy a precisely similar position as regards Ireland. The Ulstermen are confessedly in a minority, but they constitute a local majority bearing many distinctive marks, and are thus entitled to self-rule on the same ground that Ireland is. But, of course, by "Ulster" I only mean the district in which this local majority exists, which is not the whole of Ulster. People are apt to speak of Ulster as if Protestants and Catholics were pretty equally divided all over it. This is not so. There is a part in which there is a very marked preponderance of Protestants, and a part in which there is a similar preponderance of Catholics, and only in a few constituencies is there a sufficient division of opinion to lead to electioneering contests. Take the seventeen Ulster constituencies that return Unionists, and you will find that on the average more than two-thirds of the population are Protestants. Take the sixteen which return Home Rulers, and you will equally find that more than two-thirds of the people are Catholics. It would be a strange instance of the power of a name if it were held that Belfast and County Donegal ought to be under the same Government because both are said to be in Ulster.

The Nationalists have no love for the Ulstermen. Read the articles in the newspapers, and you cannot doubt that. But they require Ulster in order to levy the taxes which are necessary to keep the Dublin concern going. This suggests to me a possible solution of the difficulty. Give Ulster its freedom on terms of payment of a subsidy to the

Dublin Parliament—the Imperial Parliament to decide all questions relative to the amount and payment of the subsidy. The Ulstermen, no doubt, consider themselves entitled to their freedom without payment of any ransom; but if a Minister with a majority of 100 at his back says that unless the subsidy is agreed to they will be compelled to accept the Government of the Dublin Parliament by the guns and bayonets of British soldiers, they will probably yield—unless they think he is “bluffing.”—Yours, &c.,

OBSERVER.

October 9th, 1912.

[Our correspondent's interesting letter shows a more reasonable and negotiable spirit than the recent demonstrations. Meanwhile, we suggest that the plan of nomination applied to the Second Chamber, whatever may be its elements, was expressly designed by Mr. Redmond to give a considerable representation to the Ulster minority.—ED., NATION.]

THE LAND INQUIRY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your issue of September 28th, dealing with this question, you state: “The publicity attaching to the inquiry of a Commission would have disabled it from acquiring certain sorts of indispensable information.”

It is only those who have taken part in a rural inquiry who fully realise the truth of this statement. In 1905 I was requested by our Parish Council to make a report as to the housing condition in this village. In the course of that inquiry, I called upon the tenant of a cottage which was in a deplorable condition. The wife of the laborer expressed herself in strong terms about her wretched home. I had occasion to call again. The woman begged me not to enter her cottage, for, she said, “My landlord has been round.”

In another case, a laborer's wife told me that, after my visit, her landlord had been to her and told her that, if she let anyone in to make a report, he would turn her out.

In 1906, a County Council public inquiry was held in the village for the same purpose. It was quite impossible to get some of these people to attend. The reason was given in evidence at the inquiry. A laborer was asked, “Do they think there ought to be more houses at Chipperfield?” He replied, “I think they do, only they are afraid to speak.”

Another witness was asked, “Do you know that there is any difficulty in getting them to come and give evidence to-night?” He replied, “They are very much afraid. I have, again and again, talked, and they said, ‘Don't say a word; don't tell.’”

It should be borne in mind that Chipperfield is, to all intents and purposes, a free village; the cottages are owned by various people, and there is no large landowner. If, in these circumstances, it is difficult to get evidence in open court, what possible chance would there be in those villages which are owned entirely by one man?

That such villages abound is common knowledge; there are three within eight miles of Chipperfield: Chenies, owned by the Duke of Bedford; Flaunden, owned by Lord Chesham; and Little Gadsden, owned by Earl Brownlow.

It is not suggested that these noblemen are other than good landlords, but it is absurd to think that any of their tenants would complain in open court.

The Land Inquiry is obtaining facts in the only possible manner; and I venture to believe that when these facts are made public they will reveal a state of dependence, and will surprise the nation.—Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR ARONSON.

The Mill House, Chipperfield, King's Langley.

October 7th, 1912.

THE FOREIGN OFFICE AND BRITISH TRADE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I submit through your valuable columns, for the consideration of English business men, how their interests are sometimes represented in foreign countries? For some considerable time the Chambers of Commerce of this country, especially the Coventry Chamber of Commerce (of which I had the honor of being President some time ago), have repeatedly urged the Foreign Office and the Board of Trade, both directly and through the medium of their accredited representative in Parliament, to come to an understanding

with the Portuguese Government as to a proper regulation of our commercial relations with that country.

Some years ago France and Germany succeeded in concluding a commercial treaty with Portugal. Certain alleviations of duty were granted by the Portuguese Government, and it seems incredible that British manufacturers should be called upon to work under the disadvantage of their Portuguese customers having to pay much larger duties on British goods than on those of their German and French competitors.

There are two cases which interest Coventry manufacturers particularly, viz.—cycles and motor-cycles. The duty on English bicycles is 27 per cent. *ad valorem*, on motor cycles £11 5s. per machine; that on French or German motor cycles is £3 per machine, and on bicycles about one-third of the above-mentioned figure. Many articles might be mentioned for which the same hardship exists. The above examples will suffice. I believe I am not mistaken in saying that Great Britain is one of the biggest, if not the biggest, of Portugal's customers.

Both the Foreign Office and the Board of Trade have pointed out repeatedly that the matter has their serious attention. At the last meeting of the Associated Chambers of Commerce, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, a resolution was passed unanimously urging the Government to conclude a Treaty of Commerce with Portugal. I suppose that the stereotyped reply, that the matter will have the consideration of the Government, has been, or will be, received.

The ventilation of this very important question in your valuable paper will, I hope, draw the attention both of the British public and the Government to the serious harm which is done to British industry and commerce by the unwillingness or incapacity of the officials to accomplish what I maintain an average business man would have succeeded in doing long ago.—Yours, &c.,

S. BETTMANN.

Elm Bank, Stoke Park, Coventry.

October 3rd, 1912.

INDUSTRIAL “SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT.”

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Fels has admitted with such generosity the truth of my contention as to the economic result of “speeding up,” that one may forgive him the more readily the fog with which, like certain Cephalopods, he endeavors to mask his retreat. Since under this system wages are raised, cost reduced, and production increased, its advent can scarcely be described as an unmixed evil. The fact that, just now, certain classes of the community have less means to buy the articles produced seems beside the point. Even granting that real wages have fallen, the cheapening of various articles of consumption must, *pro tanto*, mitigate the misfortune of that fall. We must all deplore with Mr. Fels the decline since 1900 in real wages, in spite of a prosperity very clearly reflected in the income-tax assessments.

The many and baffling complexities of that phenomenon may well excuse me from more than a passing allusion to it here, more especially as it has no connection with “scientific management.” But some grounds exist for supposing that when prices rise, owing to the depreciation of gold, wages do not necessarily at once follow suit, except where, as in India, the latter represent the minimum on which the laborer can live. Nor can I agree that the State-ownership of land—a matter equally foreign to the point at issue—will of itself open the gates of Paradise to all true workers. In India, where the State owns the greater portion of the land, it has notoriously failed to effect anything of the kind. Clearly, in this case, the State must levy a true economic rent from farmers and from mine-owners, otherwise both these classes will be in a favored and privileged position in comparison with the rest of the community. Suppose Government, in defiance of public morality, to confiscate all the land in England. This measure, so far from transforming the conditions of labor, would have just two results: first, the multiplication of small holdings; and, secondly, the abolition of rates and taxes, owing to the revenue accruing from the land, and from royalties on minerals. The first result, excellent in itself, would, however, eventually be depreciated by the inevitable increase in population; and the remission of taxes would benefit, one

fears, the "idle rich" more than the working classes, since good reasons exist, apart from fiscal considerations, for the duties on alcohol, tea, and coffee—the taxes which chiefly affect the latter. So that even this impossible measure offers no really permanent asylum from the storm and stress of existence. Mr. Fels, then, lays himself open to the accusation of crying for the moon; and though this "sorrowful pastime" is, we have excellent authority, permissible at times, it is apt to distract attention from many pressing and clearly practicable reforms.—Yours, &c.,

B. H.

October 8th, 1912.

TOM BROWN'S SCHOOLFELLOWS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Granted the everyday virtues claimed for the public school boy, the self-complacency of himself and his masters forces a protest. Honesty is a hardy plant, cultivated generally and successfully in my youth at "National" schools; moreover, "good comradeship" carries with it usually a cliquishness that assumes a repellent attitude to all immediately outside the "set."

It is not to the public school boy that we look with confidence to champion the struggling or the beaten cause. His respect is for wealth and "sport," without any regard for attendant selfishness and cruelty involved. Labor men interest themselves much more in the less fortunate of their fellows, and in efforts made for the humane treatment of animals that serve, amuse, and largely build up the riches, not a fraction of which is spared for *their* comfort. It was a curious irony that placed side by side on the same page as the article referred to, Mr. Bernard Shaw's list of character qualities, among them—"Not prosperous, only rich. Not public-spirited, only patriotic. Not social, only gregarious. Not considerate, only polite."—Yours, &c.,

M.

October 7th, 1912.

[Our correspondent quite mistakes the drift of our article.—ED., NATION.]

ESPERANTO.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—All Liberal Esperantists—and they are many—will read with regret your comment on the action of the French Government in refusing to recognise Esperanto as a language for international telegraph purposes. Esperantists, who are passionately working for the cause of international peace and fellowship, have learned to look on THE NATION as an ally, and they must all deplore the fact that now, in editorial columns, it tacitly approves a course of action which throws great obstacles in the way of international communication and understanding. Why is it too much to expect of Governments that they should insist on their telegraphists having a knowledge of Esperanto? The very fact that the French Government has classified the language as a "code" makes it manifest that it is already largely used for telegraphic purposes; and, surely, everyone may rightly expect of his Government that it should use its influence to encourage and develop this very simple channel for the expression of international goodwill. Even were a great deal of energy necessary for the purpose, many people would agree that the energy was well directed; but, as a matter of fact, it would be a very small undertaking for every telegraphist to pass an elementary examination in Esperanto.

THE NATION may think it too much to expect of Governments to insist on this; but Esperantists do not think it too much to expect of THE NATION that it should recognise the manifestations that tend towards the realisation of International peace.—Yours, &c.,

EILEEN DE B. DALY.

Bordighera, Italy.

October 5th, 1912.

HOME RULE AND THE REFERENDUM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In deciding whether we are to have Home Rule or not, I suggest that the voters of the United Kingdom be

asked to say "Yes" or "No" on the principle of the American referendum. A general election would not be fair, as the present Government would undoubtedly be turned out of office on the Insurance Act, and no election is necessary if all parties agree to abide by the decision of the people under the referendum. Any Home Rule passed by a hole in the Constitution will end in civil war, and that is not going to benefit Ireland in any way.—Yours, &c.,

AMERICUS.

October 10th, 1912.

COMMISSIONS ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As a humble member of the public, and one in the habit of constant dealings, I approach, with cap in hand, the lords of the Stock Exchange.

Some time since onerous new rules were made, practically doubling commissions. Numerous other investors besides myself were forced thereby, either to abstain from dealings, or to avail themselves of the several other channels for investment.

Months ago the public was promised a revision by the unofficial "House" Committee of what is the curtailment of free trade: but "St. Grouse," or otherwise, has permitted procrastination of this important matter.

Is it not full time that this impasse was settled—the public a little studied?

In the old times, members of the Stock Exchange, on the old commissions, passed away extremely wealthy. Why not be content?—Yours, &c.

W. J. BYRNE.

1, Colville Mansions, London, W.

October 9th, 1912.

"THE LIVING WAGE."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your suggestion that 25s. a week must be regarded as the minimum wage on which a family can be maintained, certainly brings us a stage nearer to the solution of the poverty problem. For its Malthusian significance will doubtless be noted by all your readers who are familiar with Mr. Seebohm Rowntree's authoritative estimate, viz., that a weekly wage of 23s. 8d. could only supply the bare necessities of life for a family of three children.—Yours, &c.,

B. DUNLOP, M.B.

24, Alexandra Court, Queen's Gate, S.W.

Poetry.

A LITTLE SONG OF COMFORT.

O TURN thine eyes,
Dear heart, from wintry skies
To where a wherry, laden deep
With daffodils
From the southron isles, from isles of sleep,
Her saffron spills
On the low-lying meads.

Look where she looses to the sere
And rustling reeds,
The cuckoo of another year—
Where on the golden tides of air
She shoots her dim and purple nets,
Sweetly to snare
The sense with hope of violets.

Warm from the West
A breath
Hath blown aside the veil of death—
Where last year's nest
Waits the remoulding of a mother breast!
Turn then thine eyes,
O tender soul, to brightening skies.

C. A. DAWSON SCOTT.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Letters of George Meredith." Edited by his Son. (Constable. 2 vols. 21s. net.)
- "Mark Twain: A Biography." By Albert Bigelow Paine. (Harper. 3 vols. 24s. net.)
- "The Life of H. H. Fowler, First Viscount Wolverhampton." By E. H. Fowler. (Hutchinson. 21s. net.)
- "The History of British Foreign Policy." By Arthur Hassall. (Blackwood. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "The Decline of Aristocracy." By Arthur Ponsonby. (Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "Correspondence of Sarah Spencer, Lady Lyttelton." Edited by the Hon. Mrs. Hugh Wyndham. (Murray. 15s. net.)
- "Arrested Fugitives." By Sir Edward Russell. (Nisbet. 6s. net.)
- "The Enthusiasts of Port Royal." By Lilian Rea. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "Fanny Burney at the Court of Queen Charlotte." By Constance Hill. (Lane. 16s. net.)
- "Among my Books: Centenaries, Reviews, Memoirs." By Frederic Harrison. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "Bubbles of the Foam." Translated by F. W. Bain. (Methuen. 3s. 6d. net.)
- "The Story of the Renaissance." By W. H. Hudson. (Cassell. 5s. net.)
- "The Censor and the Theatres." By John Palmer. (Unwin. 5s. net.)
- "A Wanderer in Florence." By E. V. Lucas. (Methuen. 6s.)
- "Twixt Land and Sea Tales." By Joseph Conrad. (Dent. 6s.)
- "The Lee Shore." By Rose Macaulay. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)
- "Promenades Littéraires." Quatrième Série. Par Remy de Gourmont. (Paris: Mercure de France. 3fr. 50.)
- "Amerika Heute und Morgen." Von Arthur Halitscher. (Berlin: Fischer. M.5.)

ON several occasions in these columns we have expressed a wish that the Rev. D. C. Tovey would give us the final volume in his excellent edition of "The Letters of Thomas Gray," and now that the wish has been gratified, our satisfaction is clouded by the news of the editor's death. Mr. Tovey, who died on Sunday week at the age of seventy-one, gave up his literary life almost exclusively to Gray, reading the poet's favorite authors, and tracing out every allusion in his correspondence. Gray's letters, indeed, needed some such enthusiastic and competent editor. Those printed in Mason's "Life of Gray," were disgracefully garbled and mutilated, and although Mitford was a far better editor, he was handicapped by having to work at a time when Walpole's correspondence was not yet combined into one series in chronological order, and, as Mr. Tovey says, he had no great skill in assigning Gray's letters to their right dates. An edition published by Mr. Gosse, in 1884, failed to satisfy the critics, so that when Mr. Tovey decided to follow up his volume on "Gray and His Friends" with a new edition of the correspondence, he undertook a task which had not been performed in a way to please Gray's admirers.

If the length of time spent upon a task is any proof of the thorough way in which it is performed, Mr. Tovey was certainly a most conscientious editor. His first volume came out in 1900, and four years passed before the appearance of the second, while the third and concluding volume was issued only last week. Although Mr. Tovey did not live to see the final fruit of his labors, he passed the last proofs for the press, and we owe him what is undoubtedly the definitive edition of Gray's letters. It is produced in the attractive form which Messrs. Bell now give to "Bohn's Standard Library," furnishes a better text than had ever been printed before, and in the way of notes contains everything that the most exacting reader can expect. Indeed, Mr. Tovey anticipated some objection to the number and length of his annotations. He has gone so far as to illustrate even Gray's references to current politics and history; but, as he says, those who dislike these copious annotations need not take the trouble to read them. The general reader, to whom much of Gray's world is an unknown or forgotten land, will be thankful for the help Mr. Tovey furnishes, and his only regret is likely to be that the early correspondence of Gray, which Mr. Tovey mentions in the preface to his third volume as having been in the possession of Mr. Quaritch, was not made accessible to this most pious and painstaking of editors.

THOSE who admit the exquisite quality of Gray's verse, but are at the same time inclined to regard him as a literary fop, will perhaps feel that the time and labor which Mr. Tovey gave to his private correspondence might have been employed to better advantage. But no lover of the art of letter-writing will share that feeling. Among the great English letter-writers—Cowper, Swift, Byron, Lamb, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Walpole, Pope, Chesterfield, FitzGerald, and Mrs. Carlyle—Gray has a secure place, and there are some who would place him only second to Cowper in that famous band. He has all the qualities that make an engaging correspondent. His range of interests was wide and varied. Like many shy men, he lost much of his reserve when he took a pen in his hand, and his letters reveal his character and his deepest feelings. If he has not quite the same ease and colloquial grace as Cowper, he is, like Cowper, a master of style, and he possesses Cowper's gift of interesting us in trifles. He has, too, that salt of letter-writing, a real sense of humor, sometimes good-natured, though more often touched with malice. Horace Walpole declared that "Gray never wrote anything easily, but things of humor. Humor was his natural and original turn." And Mr. Tovey held that the lighter his theme the more facile is his pen.

MOREOVER, Gray lived almost as much in the world of books as in the world of affairs, and the many literary judgments scattered through his letters give him high rank as a critic. Take, for example, his remarks upon Rousseau, bearing in mind the prejudices which that man of genius had to encounter in the narrow and classical Cambridge of that time. Of the "Emile," Gray writes to Wharton, then the father of a growing family:—

"I doubt you have not read Rousseau's 'Emile'; everybody that has children should read it more than once, for tho' it abounds with his usual glorious absurdity, tho' his general scheme of education be an impossible chimera, yet there are a thousand lights struck out, a thousand important truths better express'd than ever they were before, that may be of service to the wisest man. Particularly, I think, he has observed children with more attention and knows their meaning and the working of their little passions better than any other writer."

BUT Gray's correspondence has a value quite apart from its purely literary charm. One of the great attractions of any collection of letters is that it gives us a picture, not only of the writer himself, but of the circle in which he moved, and of the impulses and ideals by which it was stirred. Now Gray and his friends lived at a time of peculiar interest in our literature, and their activities had a profound influence upon its development. Perhaps Gray and Walpole were the only members of the group who deserve to be remembered for their own sake, but Beattie, the Wartons, Mason, Nicholls, and "that mercurial Swiss," de Bonstetten, formed a sort of focus for the imaginative revival which was to produce so glorious an epoch in English literature, and which has been described by various critics in such phrases as the return to nature, the romantic movement, or the renaissance of wonder. Gray's letters are indispensable for those who wish to understand the transition which led up to that revival.

ANOTHER aspect of Gray's letters is also worth mentioning. They ought to be one of the favorite books of mountaineers. He was one of the first Englishmen to discover the Alps, and an early prophet of what Leslie Stephen calls "the true faith . . . of which mountains are the temples and Alpine clubs form the congregations." To the eighteenth century, the Alps were objects of gloom and horror, and even if, as Mr. Tovey says, Gray admired them "with much trepidation," the Latin ode which he wrote in the monks' album at the Chartreuse shows how deep and genuine his admiration was. All through his letters we find abundant evidence of his delight in scenery. Indeed, he often reminds us of Wordsworth. For him a mountain is "a creature of God"; the Wye fills him with "nameless wonders"; and to spend a week at Keswick is to be "in Elysium." Gray was perhaps the first of that band of English men of letters—of which Leslie Stephen himself was an ornament—who were also ardent mountaineers.

Reviews.

"THE AMATEUR GIPSY."

"George Borrow: The Man and His Books." By EDWARD THOMAS. (Chapman & Hall. 10s. 6d. net.)

It is impossible to express the essence of England—the special smack and style of our land and its literature. There is something even exasperating in such subtlety; for the thing cannot be defined, yet stands in some need of being defended. All the colors of its landscape were comprehensively "painted red" by the colonial brush of Mr. Kipling; and it is less easy than ever to explain England even to the English. In its spirit there is, or was, something at once rowdy and shy: something that gave even our sentimental songs titles with a touch of farce, such as "Sally in our Alley" or "Wapping Old Stairs." But perhaps as near a symbol or suggestion of the thing as we can get is in the study of what may be called the old English eccentrics. Other nations relieve the monotony of mankind by separating, in a more or less serious way, such types as the poet, the priest, or the scholar. The instinct of the English was to break the level of ordinary squires, merchants, or laborers by a class of people who were not primarily artists, or students, or prophets, but who used to be called "characters." Old English chap-books and broadsides are full of the extreme types of them; misers, mad squires, eccentric dandies, or miraculously fat men. But in the world of art, religion, and intellectual influences generally, there was a strong dash of the same thing. Dr. Johnson was not only a wit, a moralist, a great critic; he was also, and more than all these, a Character. William Cobbett was not only a slashing controversialist, a sound friend of freedom, a public-spirited citizen, and a great English author; he was also, and more than all these, a Character. So was Hazlitt a Character, though not so good a one; so was even Fitzgerald. Of Richard Jefferies I am not so sure; he had a touch of the Yankee asceticism of Thoreau; and that means a certain solemn universalism alien to the obstinate tastes of the true English eccentric. But it will not be disputed that the subject of Mr. Edward Thomas's most interesting biography was, like Blake or Stephen Hawker, first and foremost a Character. George Borrow was a man who told excellent stories; but he was also the kind of man about whom stories are told.

An eccentric ought always to be appreciated from a sane, and even detached, point of view; an intelligent Frenchman would do more justice to Cobbett than has generally been done. And, in this respect, Mr. Thomas's criticism is particularly excellent. Nothing could be more deft and just than his way of dismissing those parts of his subject which are not worthy of it: as, for instance, Borrow's blind mania against Catholicism. This led him (by way of an example) to denounce the popularity of the Waverley novels, apparently on the supposition that, if anybody in 1850 read of such a thing as a good Jacobite, James II. would return in triumph from Saint-Germains. It led him also into something much worse—the temporary loss of his literary instinct. The people he met on his travels may be all lies, for all I know; but they are all live lies, except the Man in Black, the Jesuit at the inn. If Catholicism really is the Beast in Revelation, that priest is a more unthinkable beast still. His whole conversation consists of saying, "I have to pretend to be good; I am really wicked; but hist! we are observed." Cobbett was quite as violent against the Reformation as Borrow against the Papacy. But can we imagine Cobbett describing his last talk with a country parson, and making him say, "He he! we use the Bible as a pretext; what we really enjoy is the oppression of the poor"? Johnson hated a Whig as much as Borrow a Romanist. But can we imagine Johnson asking people to believe that one of his Whig friends had said to him, "The pleasure of persecuting the true Church leads us to encourage the sinful Dissenters; in reality, of course, we model ourselves upon Satan"? People do not talk like that, however hypocritical they are. But, indeed, such passages are only taken seriously by those who seriously disagree with them. Mr. Thomas, who, as he explains very sensibly, has no sympathy either with the Jesuits' theology or Borrow's, has a

much shorter way with bigots. I think this dismissal of the subject at the end of Chapter XXV. is a perfect model and masterpiece of the right way to stride past such a heap of rubbish. "Borrow persuades him (the publican) to take ale, which gives him the courage to give up thoughts of conversion, and to turn on his enemies and re-establish himself, to make a good business, become a churchwarden, and teach boxing to the brewers' sons, because it is 'a fine, manly English art, and a great defence against Popery.' It is, at least, a greater defence than Borrow's pen, or deserves to be."

The aspects of the man are multitudinous. But when this is said, it is too often forgotten that you can walk round a man for all eternity, and still find that he has only one face. The front face of Borrow, the complete combination of his features, the central direction of his gaze, is to be found by looking at him from the camp of the gipsies. Everything that was honest in him was expressed in that eccentricity. Everything that was English in him was in his love for those aliens. There are two nomadic peoples in Europe: the gipsies and the Jews. They have both been oppressed, but the gipsy has never grown rich enough to become the oppressor. In connection with this fact, one might sadly ask, "Why do we hear so much about cruelty to Jews, and next to nothing about cruelty to gipsies?" I am afraid the answer is a hasty one.

Borrow, though born (so far as I know) without gipsy blood, really was a gipsy in the sense that he had a touch of the medicine-man, as well as the tramp. He was a mystagogue. He loved appearing and disappearing; he loved being a sort of endemic fairy. But though I would not call him a conscientious man, he was a disinterested man. He did not serve the Romans for hire, but for fun. And though (I sometimes think) he might easily have come to be a thief, he would never have sunk to be a millionaire.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE WESTERN LIBERTY.

"Fleet Street in Seven Centuries." By WALTER GEORGE BELL. (Pitman. 15s. net.)

MANY of our cities have found historians. A city offers a definite theme. There may be a castle to indicate that the town is a county in itself. The wall is the outward mark of a separate political existence. The Corporation and the Guilds have their powers. Sometimes there is a cathedral and a bishop, a sign of distinction, if not always a source of comfort. Our fancy, with its love for time-marks, is pleased to assign to the foundation of an English town a date as definite as could be rightly claimed by Dido's Carthage or Lacedæmonian Tarentum. On such points a suburb is frankly flabby. Its view on origins is like Topsy's: it "grewed"; its aim used to be to become a liberty of the city from which it spread, to share the powers and come under the name. If, nowadays, the city grasps and the suburb resists, it is the ratepayer's pocket that prompts the battle. The outer limit of the suburb had no wall with gates. It was the unique glory of Fleet Street to acquire a gate; but it was forbidden to call it more than a bar. The very name of suburb is apt to smack of illegitimacy, and your antiquary turns his back upon the bastard. Thus Mr. Bell is able to claim that his work is the first study of the growth of London beyond the walled city. Much work has been done on the field. Mr. Bell has been among the laborers, and his present work brings the results into focus. It would perhaps have been well if he had attempted no more.

Mr. Bell's preface tells us that his volume is a history of the street. In fact, it is more; and, to some extent, inevitably more. We could not understand the street without a knowledge of what it ran between. The chapters on the Knights Templars and on White Friars are relevant to the theme; but hardly so the chapter which is headed "The Fleet Parsons," but wanders into other fields. The Fleet Prison was well away from Fleet Street, beyond the stream to which each owes its name. With the chapter on the Whitefriars Playhouses we will not quarrel, though to the Dorset Garden Theatre, at any rate, the highway was rather the river than the street. On the origin of Fleet-Bridge Street—to use its first name—Mr. Bell takes a view other than has found favor with high authorities, and he supports

it with substantial evidence and much acumen. He will have none of a Roman highway, for which, indeed, there is but scanty evidence; though the absence of tombs is not conclusive against it. The Western way into Roman London by land led, he holds, to Newgate. Ludgate was of later date, and, at first, no more than a postern into the fields. It opened on a country path, which crossed the Fleet and ran above the shelving river-bank. When the path became a road, there were on either side of it wastes, such as those to which Whitechapel High Street owes its great breadth. The wastes of Fleet Street came, by theft or otherwise, into private possession—mostly into ecclesiastical possession. The three great estates of the Temple, Whitefriars, and Bridewell, their frontage being the Thames, were thus cut off from Fleet Street, except for a passage or an alley. In the case of the Temple, the fact is still evident. Bridewell never touched the street, and the Carmelites not till the fifteenth century. Such is Mr. Bell's theory, and it seems to cover the facts. At any rate, the ball is now with the rival antiquaries.

Mr. Bell deals with the manner in which, during the Middle Ages, the land about the line of Fleet Street came to be occupied. The settlers were largely churchmen, bishop and abbot with palace and pleasance, monk and templar with church and home. The changes at the Reformation were consequently great. The Temple, indeed, escaped. The Knights Hospitallers had leased it to the lawyers, and the lawyers sat tight. The stately buildings of the Dominicans on the left bank of the Fleet and the Carmelites on the right fell as by magic. Little remained save the refectory of the White Friars, which became a theatre. Courtiers and citizens swooped upon the site, ousting the bishops no less than the abbots. Part of the land soon became populous; part made gardens for the houses of Lord Dorset and others. Bit by bit the gardens were sold—a thing still in use among us—until, from London Wall to Temple Bar, there was a teeming hive, with the horrors of Alsatia in its very heart. Where the Carmelite had paced in thoughtful or thoughtless meditation, Duke Hildebrand swilled canary and rattled dice. History has a way of renewing its processes. As with the City, so with the Liberty—the number of sleepers has long been diminishing; but the Liberty at night is no deserted city; it is the dominion of the Press. In 1703, next door to the King's Arms Tavern by Fleet Bridge, was born the first daily newspaper, and still the daily newspaper is faithful to the district of its birth.

The chief value of Mr. Bell's work lies, as he is himself aware, in its earlier part. So long as his sources of authority are mainly antiquarian, he keeps, to the point and marshals his evidence with skill. Some of his evidence is fresh. Thus the parochial records of St. Dunstan's provide him with new matter on the Refectory Theatre, if it may be so styled. The whole chapter on the theatres is good, and marred only by one digression, which sets out in full the plot of "Venice Preserved." When Mr. Bell comes to deal with literary sources, the habit of digression grows on him. The fact that Shirley's life was shortened by his flight from the Great Fire hardly justifies the quotation in full of the dramatist's most famous lyric. Mr. Bell thinks that the lines are tinged with memory of the unhappy fate of Charles the First. This may hardly be. The poem says no more than that kings must die like common men, and there appears to be good reason for believing that it was written as early as 1640. Again, it is true that Lovelace died in Gunpowder Alley; but his lines to Althea were written in the Gatehouse Prison at Westminster, and are surely too familiar for quotation in such a work as this. The book is long enough without padding. If Mr. Bell's chapters on Literary Landmarks and on the Age of Johnson are compiled in the main from familiar sources, we cannot raise any objection. To ignore such themes would be to ignore the title of the book. We note with pleasure that Mr. Bell is a sound Johnsonian.

Amid such a mass of facts as Mr. Bell deals with, it is no wonder that there should be some errors. We like least his sad misunderstanding of the epigram on Sherlock:—

"At the Temple one day Sherlock taking a boat,
The waterman ask'd him, 'Which way will you float?'
'Which way?' says the Doctor, 'Why, fool, with the stream?'
To St. Paul's or to Lambeth was all one to him"

Mr. Bell's explanation is that Sherlock became Bishop of London at a time when both London and Canterbury

happened to fall vacant. Then, where is the point of the epigram? In fact, when Thomas Sherlock became Bishop of London in 1748, Canterbury was not vacant. The epigram is of much earlier date, and refers to William Sherlock, who never was a bishop. Mr. Bell should have seen that his interpretation would require Fulham in place of St. Paul's, though its position on the river makes that impossible. The lines vent the gall of the non-jurors upon one who at first refused to take the oaths to William and Mary and then repented, at the promptings, it is said, of his wife, in time to become Dean of St. Paul's. Johnsonian though he is, Mr. Bell misquotes Johnson's definition of oats, which, indeed, is seldom given aright. By a stranger error, he confounds Will Waterproof with the blithe head-waiter who served him his pint of port.

Mr. Bell has no excessive passion for grammar. We are not puzzled by such lapses as "the data is not complete," or "every one of the ancient characteristics have been swept away"; but his love for a pendent participle irritates, and sometimes perplexes, the reader. Except for this habit, Mr. Bell's style is generally sound and clear, and, though he is primarily an antiquary, he has a good sense of literature. We should like to see what might be called the topographical part of his book reprinted in a separate form. He has the opportunity of producing the classical work on the subject.

The volume has many illustrations and some good plans. Some of the pictures are attractive, and by no means familiar. A view of the river front of Wren's Theatre in Dorset Garden is particularly welcome.

A WHIG LADY.

"Correspondence of Sarah Spencer, Lady Lyttelton, 1787-1870." Edited by the Hon. Mrs. HUGH WYNDHAM. (Murray. 15s. net.)

THIS very interesting family record ranks among what may be called, after Tillemont, "*Mémoires pour Servir*"—or documents, illustrative of a period, which form the material for the historian of national manners and life. The daughter of the second Earl Spencer, the writer belonged to one of those great Whig houses in which public spirit and the instinct for affairs are hereditary; and, though personally indifferent to society, she lived, both before and after her marriage, in close touch with the most prominent men and women of her time. In later life, she held the important post of governess to the children of Queen Victoria (1842-1850), and died in 1870 at the age of eighty-two.

The letters take us back to a world curiously unlike our own. In 1808 the dinner-hour at Althorp was changed from three to four; by 1824 it had advanced to 6.30. A new drawing-room carpet at Spencer House suggests the comment, "Alas, poor carpet! In how short a time will it be trod and spit upon by dogs and men without scruple, and never thought of from week's-end to week's-end!" Lord Spencer was a man of high character, and sincerely religious. He read the Bible through once a year, we are told; and family prayers were never omitted in the household. But the *chronique scandaleuse* of his autumn visits would scarcely be given by a modern father to his unmarried daughter, or passed on by her to a brother of seventeen.

"Papa spent one of his days at Woolbeding, the residence of our not respectable cousin, Lord ——. It is a beautiful place; the party it contained was a curious one for Papa to have been in. The honors of the house were done by Mrs. B—, a lady still very beautiful, though past fifty; and who is, in more senses than one, the mistress of that abode. Her ill-fated husband, a poor old twaddler, was there too, and three of her children grown up. Besides these, there were a German baron and an American sportsman, very fit company for the host and his fair friend. Papa saw several children playing about, but thought it most prudent not to inquire minutely into their birth and parentage. I forgot to mention two of the guests: Mrs. Fox (Charles Fox's widow)—you must have heard of her character, not the clearest—and a Miss W—, a natural daughter to Charles Fox by someone else. There's a set of people for you! Pleasant enough and respectable is Lord Robert's old age, spent in so infamous a collection of people."

George John, Earl Spencer, K.G. and F.R.S., is best known as the collector of the famous Althorp Library, now, unfortunately, dispersed. Though a Whig, he was First Lord of the Admiralty during the last years of the eighteenth

century; and his daughter used to describe how, having heard rumors of an important despatch, she and Lady Spencer rushed into his room in Whitehall, and found him in a dead faint on the floor, with the despatches from Nelson announcing the Battle of the Nile in his hand. His wife developed, in later life, into a rather formidable great lady of the old school. "Extremely intolerant and a fiery partisan, she hated a Tory with a deep hate." When her husband, however, held office under Pitt, she broke off intercourse with the "New Whig" Party, of which her sister-in-law, the beautiful Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, was the bright particular star. So keen was the party feeling that, for some years, the two ladies never visited each other. Her language was as strong as her opinions. It did not, indeed, reach the high level of that of the Whig Duchess, whose rebuke to her footman has been handed down to a milder-tongued posterity by the author of "Collections and Recollections"; but her address had a flavor of the quarter-deck. "I do not like my Aunt Spencer," writes one of her nieces. "I object to being called 'Dear Devil' when she is in a good humor, and sworn at when she is not." She was an excellent caricaturist; and several of her sketches—that of "Lord Grenville listening to a new bishop" is peculiarly happy—are reproduced in this book.

Life was, in some respects, simpler than now. The modern *battue* was unknown; thirty brace of birds in four days was thought excellent sport, and evidence of exceptional shooting. On the other hand, people sat interminably over their wine. At a party given by Lady Caroline Lamb, "the Prince of Wales and a few persons supped in Lady Melbourne's apartment, and were not gone before six, Sheridan of the number, who was completely drunk." Royalty was at a discount. The King was periodically insane; the Queen dull and unpopular; the Regent, "a corpulent gentleman of fifty," whose public life was indecorous, and whose private character was beneath contempt. Lady Sarah writes to her brother, who was to dine with H.R.H. at Portsmouth:—

"I long for your account of your princely dinner. I trust you won't get so very much invested by the royal example as to be too drunk to write next day. Of course, you'll tell us if the Prince spoke to you, or was decently civil to any of the naval officers, he being in general famous for having too much of the effeminate milkop, or rather winesop, about his august character, to be fond of a real manly brave man, like a sailor. His illustrious and amiable spouse makes up for her husband's general antipathy by a few rather unfortunately strong partialities, which balances the matter!"

Personal talk is balanced by political. In 1808 she writes to her father: "Lord Glastonbury says that Lord G. L. Gower has got possession (for £20,000) of the original Treaty of Tilsit, and that one of the secret articles stipulated that the Danish Fleet should be employed against us, which induced Ministers to adopt such vigorous measures."

The youngest of the family was George, better known as Father Ignatius, Spencer, a pre-Tractarian seceder to Rome. He had previously held the living of Brington; the account of his ordination gives a curious, and not very edifying, picture of the time (1822). He wrote to the examining chaplain of the Bishop of Peterborough to ask what books he was to read, and how he was to prepare. The reply came that, as far as he (the examiner) was concerned,

"it is impossible that I could ever entertain any idea of subjecting a gentleman, with whose talents and good qualities I am so well acquainted as I am with yours, to any examination except one as a mere matter of form, for which a verse of the Greek Testament and an Article of the Church of England returned into Latin will be amply sufficient. With regard to the doctrinal part of the examination, that is taken by the Bishop himself; but it is confined entirely to the prepared questions, which are a test of opinions, not of scholarship."

Sydney Smith's famous "Edinburgh" article on Bishop Marsh and these "prepared questions" will be remembered in this connection. The matter was raised in Parliament, but without result.

In 1838, Lady Lyttelton, then a widow, became a Lady of the Bedchamber. A marked improvement in decorum and morals had set in. This had been brought about in great measure by the rise of Evangelicalism, and was promoted by the accession of the young Queen. "Are you not mistaken," she writes to a friend who bewailed the times, "in thinking 'our morals deteriorated'?"

"Are they worse than in the days of Lady Melbourne, Lady S., and all that was fostered (the allusion is to a then

notorious social scandal) by Devonshire House fifty years ago? Would such monstrous irreligion be now professed before ladies and children, as used to be professed by Crauford, James, Crowle, and Mrs. Howe?"

Lady Lyttelton was a woman of independent judgment, as her comment on the vote on Prince Albert's annuity, which the House of Commons reduced from £60,000 to £30,000, shows: "It is a bit of a lesson on English ways for him at starting. Very good for him and his wife, too, if they know how to profit by it." All the more significant is her genuine respect and regard for the Royal pair. After eighteen years of Court life, she writes, in all the sincerity of family correspondence:—

"The result chiefly left on my mind is a fresh admiration for the candor, truth, prudence, and manliness of the Prince, and the goodness of the Queen. I wish I could catch some of their good qualities."

Few Courts would leave such an impression on such a mind.

She was a sufficiently good Whig to be suspicious of Tractarianism. Samuel Wilberforce half-attracted and half-repelled her. During his "stream of honeyed words," the Prince, we are told, "nodded his head repeatedly in warm admiration, and turned round to see whether the Queen was equally impressed." On another occasion, however, he "has grown fat, which makes him almost painfully ill-looking"; and, "yesterday (Sunday) he was very pleasant, but—*horrescit referens*—he played at chess with the Prince." His suppleness was at once his strength and his weakness; he left the impression of not being perfectly sincere. Mr. Gladstone's subtlety puzzled her, as it did many plain people. His resignation on the Maynooth question was dictated, she thought, by "such a fine-drawn punctilio as will hardly bear to be expressed in such coarse things as words; and I flatter myself that many people will find it as hard to understand as I do. In short, his intended course about it wants the *gros bon sens*, as usual." It is doubtful whether we have improved upon these standards of judgment; we may regret that Lady Lyttelton's sound sense and direct insight are not found more frequently in our own day.

ROME RULE IN IRELAND.

"Aspects of the Irish Question." By SYDNEY BROOKS. (Maunsel. 3s. 6d. net.)

MR. BROOKS is an original sort of Home Ruler. He strikes his key-note with a quotation from a German student of the Irish question who "observed as the ironical sum of his reflections that he could not understand how any Irishman could be a Home Ruler, or any Englishman a Unionist." One almost feels at times that Mr. Brooks is a Home Ruler because he believes the worst about Ireland. If you want to see hard things written about the Irish Parliamentary Party, or about the Irish character, or about the Irish bishops, you need not turn to the handbooks of Unionism. Mr. Brooks will satisfy the most exigent taste on all these points. He is so splendidly logical, however, that he does not regard the demoralisation of Irish life as an argument for continuing the Union, which is a leading cause of that demoralisation. He sees in it a reason, rather, for putting an end, once and for all, to the Union on its present basis.

Possibly, in arriving at his pessimistic views about Ireland, he has allowed himself to be influenced to too great an extent by those who have been confessing Ireland's sins in recent years. Irishmen have of late taken to self-criticism, both in their books and in their plays, with the enthusiasm of beginners, and, like most people who engage in that intellectual luxury, they have been rather overdoing it. They have been confessing the sins of their priests and bishops, for instance, and a great deal of useful truth has been told. But when Mr. Brooks, obviously echoing this kind of critic, gravely tells us that "an archbishop has even been known to ruin a priest for refusing to buy whisky from a publican married to the archbishop's niece," we feel that, as the little judge said of the soldier, this is not evidence; it is sheer dogmatic gossip. Similarly, when we are informed that, in the primary schools, "it is notorious that many priests put up the post of teacher to auction, and knock it down to the highest bidder, and that many more levy a percentage on the salaries of their nominees, precisely as Tammany Hall exacts a fixed yearly contribution from its henchmen in the municipal service," we are inclined to wonder on how many

authenticated instances Mr. Brooks has based this oft-repeated generalisation. It is not that he does not try his hardest to do justice to the virtues, as well as the vices, of the Irish priests and the Irish Catholic Church (if we may use the term) as a whole. It is simply that he has listened too readily to a great deal of cavilling and hearsay about them, as well as to fair criticism. We regret this, because it weakens the case against clericalism in Ireland—a case which, in our opinion, is a powerful, and even an unanswerable, one. But it does not seem to us to strengthen the case against the Church to attack the new "clerically controlled" National University as "an institution whose capacity to cope with a modern educational curriculum may be gauged from the fact that it has endowed a chair of scholastic philosophy." Even such a predominantly Protestant and practical institution as the Queen's University, Belfast, has a lectureship in scholastic philosophy. This is surely only reasonable in any University in which a number of the students intend to go in for the priesthood.

But take Mr. Brooks's argument as a whole, and it is remarkably sound and strong. He contends that the Catholic Church, as a Church, finds in Ireland, under the Union, a paradise of power such as it could never enjoy under Home Rule. "From the point of view of the Church, there can hardly be any change that is not a change for the worse." There is, for instance, "scarcely a branch of Irish education in which England has not shown herself more Catholic than any Catholic power on earth." She has propped up the secular power of the Church, both in the schools and the general administration of the country, in order to purchase political tranquillity. "It is not merely the enthronement, it is the apotheosis of Rome Rule at which British Governments of all parties have connived since the Union became a fact." An Irish Catholic, on one occasion, observed to the present writer that Ireland was governed by a conspiracy between Jesuits and Freemasons. That is a comic exaggeration, but there is a world of fact behind it. Why, then, it may be asked, are the Catholic rulers of Ireland in favor of Home Rule? Merely, Mr. Brooks would reply, because they dare not oppose it, for fear of alienating their people. "The Church in Ireland is for Home Rule only so long as it is sure of not getting it." "The Irish hierarchy," he declares further, "does not want Home Rule, will not lift a finger to get it, and will be heartily relieved if it escapes being compelled to accept it."

It is to be hoped that many British Protestants will read the admirable chapter in which Mr. Brooks discusses the prospects of Rome Rule under Home Rule. His main contention is that "Home Rule, so far from spelling Rome Rule, spells Rome Ruin." His only objection to the present Home Rule Bill is that it does not go far enough. Like Mr. Childers, he wants to see Ireland given practically as great a measure of freedom and self-dependence as the self-governing colonies. Imperialist though he is, he is anxious to see Ireland not an English province, but an Irish nation. He will not, therefore, give his respect to the Irish people so long as they are content to remain "nondescripts, half-provincial English, half-renegade and emasculated Irish." So long as they continue in this state, their character will be not only colorless, but feeble—unable to resist priestly, or any other hostile, influence. Consequently, he looks to Sir Horace Plunkett's organisation and the Gaelic League, no less than to Home Rule, to vitalise the Irish character, and fit it to build up a genuine national democracy. His book is an interesting collection of unorthodox thoughts about Ireland; or, rather, is a popularisation of unorthodox thoughts to which intellectual Irishmen have been giving utterance for a good many years past.

A STUDY IN MANNERS.

"Things I Can Tell." By Lord ROSSMORE. (Nash. 10s. 6d. net.)

IN 1874 Lord Rossmore's elder brother met his death at the Windsor Steeplechases.

"Rosie was riding, his horse fell, and rolled over him, and for days he lay in agony until death mercifully released him. He was the best of brothers, and a charming personality: handsome, young, beloved by everyone. . . ."

"The late Queen Victoria was driving by and saw the whole thing, and she was so shocked and grieved that she forbade any more steeplechasing to take place there."

Thus, at the age of twenty-one, the author of this curious work became Lord Rossmore. He had already served five years in the Army, having passed from the 9th Lancers into his brother's regiment, the 1st Life Guards.

"I found myself in the year I retired from the Guards the owner of a fine property and a good income. I had likewise excellent health and the Irishman's capacity to enjoy life, so it is small wonder that I threw myself into the pursuit of pleasure and determined to have a thorough good time."

The things that, in these circumstances, contribute to "a thorough good time" the reader may, in some degree, surmise. Lord Rossmore's record of his gay career is full of Irish jokes, Irish drink, Irish hunting and racing, and the general goings-on of Irish and English of the upper crust—what America calls the "swell guys." We are inclined to acquiesce entirely in Lord Rossmore's own remark on the first page of his chronicle, that he has "never done anything important." In the Ireland of his forebears he might have earned notoriety (or an accidental grave) as a duellist, for he seems to have been in the habit of closing an argument by pitching his opponent through the nearest window. Several of the ladies in this amiable set were evidently a match for the gentlemen. The social and sporting reputation of her Grace of Montrose long survived her.

"I knew Caroline, Duchess of Montrose, fairly well, and I remember once when she was at Monte Carlo that she had an awful row with a man about some money, and they both argued in a very heated manner. Said Caroline at last, with extreme *hauteur*, 'Do you realise that I am the Duchess of Montrose?'"

"Are you really?" answered the man; "well, from your talk, I should have taken you for the Duchess of Billingsgate."

In these pleasant circles the practical joke has a charmed and perennial life. Captain Bay Middleton, "of immortal memory," makes a bet with a lady that he will hide in her bedroom, and she will never find him.

"When the appointed evening arrived, she hunted high and low, but never a trace of the hidden one could she see. The lady was completely at her wits' end, and at last, when she had literally gone all over the room inch by inch, she was startled out of her seven senses by hearing Bay's voice exclaiming:

"Hullo, I can see you!" This was a puzzler, and no mistake, but the mystery was at last solved, for Middleton, who was long and thin, had got inside the bolster!"

Captain Middleton might have collaborated in literature with Paul de Kock. At another time it is an Englishman who is dropped in a bog, and left there, to teach him manners at shooting. Again, it is "Chicken" Hartopp, "one of my best and dearest friends," and Captain Middleton "making hay" in their host's drawing-room after dinner. The host

"drew a line in the drawing-room, and told Chicken and Bay they were at liberty to break anything [he was, not unnaturally, hoping they would break nothing] within the line, but nothing beyond it. Needless to say, they at once set to and reduced everything to matchwood within the given area."

Or it is the same inimitable "Chicken" (Dickens's Game Chicken was a fool to him) hanging an unpunctual jarvey to the lamp-post at the Island Bridge Barracks in Dublin. It is the jarvey himself who tells the history to the "Chicken," from whose memory greater exploits have wiped the episode:—

"When we got to barracks, we drew up at the mess-room door; there was a big iron lamp-post with an extended arm, and ye tuk me own rope out of the well of the car, that I use for the luggage, and ye just threw the other end round the arm of the lamp-post and left me hangin' while ye walked into the officers' quarters."

"By the quarest good luck, the sarjint came by with the guard and cut me down, and if he hadn't, I might have been a dead man. And yet ye dar ask me how I know ye, Hartopp!"

Now and then the Royal gentleman, who was afterwards Edward VII., is brought into the sport. This that follows was at "Freddy Johnstone's place," during the Stockbridge Races:—

"We all had a very merry time, which lasted well into the small hours, and it was nearly three a.m. when the Prince and Charlie Forbes took leave of us."

"Bunny Leigh, who was always ready for a lark, suggested that when his Royal Highness had crossed the bridge we should take away a loose plank which existed as a means of stopping communication between the gardens, so that the

unsuspecting Charlie should fall into the river. But he was up to us, and when he discovered that the plank was missing, he said he would go back to our house.

"No you don't, Charlie," said I; "if you won't fall in, I'll drop you in," and I was just about to carry out my threat, when he got quite scared, and said, "Don't, don't, Derry; remember, we're friends."

"That's all right," I replied, and good-humoredly pushed him over. Down he went with a tremendous splash, but the water only came up to his chest, and, looking like some dissolute river deity, Charlie solemnly waded across to where the Prince was standing.

"His Royal Highness was quite aware that Forbes had dined, so he most graciously extended his hand to assist him to terra firma. . . . He simply grabbed the Prince's hand, and, as his Royal Highness stooped to give him the much-needed pull up, Charlie rose unexpectedly, with the result that the Prince's hat was knocked off, and was soon floating down the rapid stream. . . .

"Sire, you have s—b—aved my life," he said.

"Yes," answered the Prince, laughing heartily; "but it's lost me a very good hat."

What a "thorough good time" Lord Rossmore would have had as a Mohawk in the eighteenth century! The reader may think there is "something too much" of this. Thus, Lord Rossmore's printed recollections of Australia are comprised in a single tale of liquor. At Victoria, he met "dear little Nelly Farren and the inimitable Fred Leslie"; and the inimitable Fred, knowing his company, at once regaled the Earl with "one of his best." Two men who had been at "an exceedingly lively dinner," encountered, some hours later, in St. James's Street:—

"Both felt very, very cheap, but each thought it his bounden duty to endeavor to appear very chirpy.

"Mornin', old chap," "Mornin'." "Awfully jolly time last night!" "Ra—a—ther!" "Had any breakfast?" "Of course I have." "What did you have?" "Oh, the usual thing—a chop." "Good heavens! Anything else?" "Yes. A brandy and soda—and a dog." "A dog!! What on all the earth did you want with a dog?" "Why, to eat the chop, you d—d fool," replied his friend, as he hastily made a bee-line for White's."

As the summary of a tour in Australasia this must be unparalleled.

Then there is sport. Every Irishman loves a rounded tale of hunting, and so, in spite of the growing hostility of criticism, does every average Englishman. Well, Lord Rossmore, raking his memory, decides that "one of the prettiest things" he ever saw in hunting

"was a hare, very hard pressed, that took to a lake, and swam right out into the middle, with all the hounds after her; but she was, unfortunately, so beat that she was drowned from sheer exhaustion half-way across."

At that, with compliments, we may leave the noble sportsman.

THE FRESH AND THE STALE.

"The Street of the Flute Player." By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE. (Murray. 6s.)

"Mrs. Lancelot." By MAURICE HEWLETT. (Macmillan. 6s.)

It is rare that an historical novel of classic times does not smell of museums or painful archaeological research. What is Mr. Stacpoole's spiritual secret that his story of Athenian life in the days of Aristophanes is so admirably fresh and vivacious? He has the gift of assimilating and harmonising details, and of using "local color" as dexterously as a clever painter the palette he has carefully prepared. But the effect of the tale would have remained laborious had not his imagination subordinated the details of his picture to true human feeling. Diomed, the young Athenian aristocrat, who is possessed by an ungovernable passion for the daughter of Gyges, the Median usurer; Pasion, his false friend, and Cleon, his smooth-faced steward, who plot against his life; and, best of all, Pheidion, the saucy fisher-lad who is given to street fighting—all these pass and mingle as naturally as the men who to-day go down Piccadilly. They are all animated by the old web of motives that is spun for every man born of woman, though the special shades of their behavior, cast by their environment, differ from ours just as the fish of adjacent coasts will differ in color. It is a triumph for any artist to produce so skilful an illusion of antique life, and Mr. Stacpoole has succeeded mainly by his boldness in seizing and holding essentials. His story, too, is admirably natural in the interplay between the characters,

and in the weaving of the plot's pattern out of the little incidents and accidents, the routine and simple situations, of each passing day. If we add that few are the pages in which we hear a dissonant modern note, it may be guessed that the apparent ease of the author's achievement will veil its difficulty from his audience. We are grateful that his people are merely everyday Athenian folk, adroit, sharp-tongued men of affairs, and that the author does not crowd his little stage, or try to parody the talk of any of the illustrious great. Both adults and boys who wish to taste that Attic salt which preserves its crystalline qualities even when its particles are refined through the medium of the English imagination, will thank Mr. Stacpoole for the novel, happy alike in conception and execution.

* * *

There comes a time to almost every author when growing mannerisms threaten to dam up the springs of his development, just as sands silt up and choke a river's passage. In such a case the author is commonly so pre-occupied with executing his feats of verbal cleverness that he fails to perceive that the waters of his inspiration are shrinking to a rivulet. And when it is a case of the dwindling stream being turned into the channels of another man's literary example, its paucity may become painfully obvious. To put it simply, Mr. Hewlett's later attempts in the Meredithian manner, whatever may have been their early reception with our public, do no manner of justice to his own indubitable talent. Whether "Mrs. Lancelot: A Comedy of Assumptions," smacks most of "The Amazing Marriage," or other fiction of Meredith's latter period, may be questioned; but the three leading characters—Georgiana Lancelot, the wide-eyed ethereal heroine; Gervase Poore, the ecstatic poet, who eventually carries her off from Charles, her "gaoler" husband; and the "erect, thin, little, great man," the elderly Duke of Devizes, the great politician, who sways the House of Peers, and may pass for a carved image of "the great Duke" himself—are three figures struck from Meredith's spiritual mould.

Of course, the material of which they are made, wax-modelled by Mr. Hewlett's able fingers, is steeped and colored in a dye of which he alone has the secret, and we note that his language is more free from the master's tricks of style than was, for example, "The Stopping Lady." But the effect of the whole thing, flushed with the dithyrambic raptures of Gervase Poore, a figure more incredible, if less affected, than his forerunner, Mr. Senhouse, is amazingly unreal. The Duke of Devizes, with "the unhappy, frost-bitten" Charles Lancelot as his secretary, eventually carries off Georgiana and Gervase as his guests in his travelling carriage to make the Grand Tour; and this gives the three men, each of whom is in love with the blooming Georgiana, opportunity to unravel the tangled skein of their relations. Of course, Gervase, by force of ardor, triumphs over the other two, and, in a Meredithian scene at the close, the unfortunate husband, whose wife has fled from him to Gervase, is seen cowering beneath the poet-lover's indictment. "What business had you to be dull with so lovely a being at your side? How dared you assume a right to be served by such as she is, a messenger from the sky, an angel from Heaven?" is the line of attack taken by her champion, "the unsophisticated child of Nature." The unfortunate husband is original in so far as he collapses without a struggle, and hands over the lady, along with his own wedding-ring, to the knight-errant. "Mr. Poore," he remarks, "you have said harsh things of me, and I have not answered them; I cannot answer them, for I believe that most of them are very true." The Duke, who is also attacked by the poet for "setting scandal buzzing about Georgiana like flies," is also nonplussed, and takes snuff before considering his reply. When it comes, it is not particularly convincing from a gentleman with so vast an experience of the sex.

But it is not with the moral of the story that any but the most straight-laced will quarrel. It is Mr. Hewlett's growing habit of setting up dummy characters as cockshies for his own lyrical onslaughts that the judicious will question. We have now had three—or is it four?—such "Comedies of Assumptions," in each of which the same rare lady—for Georgiana is Sanchia under another name—is hymned with the same profusion of

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classical conceits and perfervid affectations. Possibly the public resembles the child who loves to see the same rag-doll restored to its arms each Christmas with a fresh linen face; but a repetition of the same sentiment and emotion with merely a change of scenery is, we repeat, a silting up of the springs by the sands of mannerism. On every other page we find evidence of the stale conjunction of the Meredithian formula and the Hewlettian manner; and it is a question for the discriminating reader whether literary taste or the author's development is least served thereby.

THE MONTHLY REVIEWS.

AMONG the articles on foreign politics in the monthly reviews for October are "The Dismemberment of China," by Dr. E. J. Dillon, and "Panama: the Difficulty and its Solution," by Mr. J. Ellis Barker, in "The Nineteenth Century"; "Some Aspects of the Tibetan Problem," by Mr. Aylmer Strong, in "The Contemporary Review"; and "Tibet, China, and India," by Mr. Perceval Landon, in "The Fortnightly." On home affairs, Sir Edward Cook deals with "The Political Prospect," Dr. Addison with "The Controversy over Medical Benefit under the Insurance Act," Mr. J. A. Hobson with "Causes of the Rise of Prices," and Mr. Ashton Hilliers, with "Ireland on the Eve of Home Rule," in "The Contemporary." In "The Nineteenth Century," Mr. Herbert Samuel writes on "Federal Government," Mr. Stephen de Vere on "Social Aspects of Home Rule," and Mr. Sydney Brooks on "The Problem of the New York Police." First place is given in "The Fortnightly" to an article by Mr. Edward Legge on "King Edward VII.: His Character and Personality," and he is followed by Mr. Arthur Baumann on "The Opportunity of the Unionists," and "Politicians" on "The Unionist Land Policy." The chief feature in "The English Review" is a fine poem, "The Dauber," by Mr. John Masefield; there are also a number of short stories, and an article on "Our Gentlemen's Schools Again," by Mr. A. C. Benson.

The Week in the City.

	Price Friday morning. October 4.	Price Friday morning. October 11.
Consols	73½	73½
Midland Deferred	69½	69
Canadian Pacific	286½	281½
Mexican Railway Ordinary	60½	59½
Chinese 5 p.c., 1896	100½	100½
Union Pacific	180½	178½

THE declaration of war by Montenegro gave another shock to the European stock markets, and the Paris Bourse, which had been speculating wildly in Russian Industrials, began to throw over securities in wholesale fashion. Berlin and London were comparatively calm, and the New York bankers bought back American railways on a large scale. The losses must have been very heavy, and a crop of failures would not be surprising, though markets would quickly recover some of the lost ground if the Concert of the Powers is able to bring about a suspension of hostilities. The Money Market, of course, became anxious; but the expected rise in the Bank Rate was happily postponed on Thursday by the action of the banks, which prevented heavy demands on the Bank of England. The chief sufferers, so far, have been Greek and Turkish securities, which are not very largely held in this country. Some purchases have been made by bargain-hunters, on the chance that peace may be speedily restored.

THE SORROWS OF WALL STREET.

The declaration of war by Montenegro was a cruel blow to some of the great Wall Street interests which had arranged a big bull movement. At the end of September the "Wall Street Journal" described the Stock Exchange position in New York as "a bull market with dear money," and from that time until the beginning of this week an upward speculative movement, evidently supported not only by large

crops but by powerful banking syndicates, was in progress. To engineer the boom by easing money, large orders for gold were placed on the London market last week, but these were cancelled when Berlin began to sell Yankées, and the money was applied to supporting the market and buying in the stocks sacrificed by Berlin and (in a lesser degree) by Paris and London. The New York "Evening Post" observes that a European war scare seems to be a common incident of the month before an American Presidential election. To match last week's Stock Exchange decline, on the sudden discovery that Turkey and Serbia and Bulgaria were about to fly at each other's throats, the "Post" cites the heavy break which began October 5th, 1908, when Bulgaria, taking the chance provided by the Constantinople Revolution, declared itself independent of Turkey, and when Austria seized on Bosnia and Herzegovina. Again, on October 24th, 1904, all the stock markets of the world declined violently on the news that the Russian fleet, bound for the Cape of Good Hope and Japan, had fired on an English fishing fleet in the North Sea. It is true that Turkey and Austria did not fight after October, 1908, and that England did not declare war on Russia after October, 1904. Talking of the Presidential election, it may be noted that the odds on Woodrow Wilson have risen from 2 to 1 to 4 to 1.

THE CONSOL MARKET.

Of the active markets, that in gilt-edged stocks has been least affected by the outbreak of war in the Balkans. What is the reason? The "market" reply to this query would be that no speculative account was open for the rise, and so no closing of commitments occurred like that which depressed Home Rails, Americans, and the whole Mining Market. But Consols, as a rule, are affected at once by anything in the nature of warlike preparation, and not until Wednesday, when fighting was well under way, did Consols decline by an eighth. Even then there was a recovery before the close. Though, therefore, it is true that Consols showed little inclination to rise before the war started, their firmness in the present circumstances serves to show that holders need have little fear of a further decline. The worst possible situation one can imagine would be the necessity of this country to mobilise her own forces to protect her rights in Europe, issuing a loan to provide funds for a possible war. But in that event, it is highly probable many foreign investments would be thrown over, and the new loan supported from patriotic motives. Such a position, however, appears to be very far away, and gilt-edged stocks, on their own merits, are attractive investments just now. Below the latest prices and yields are set out, and the extent of the fall since war became more a probability than a mere possibility:—

	Price Oct. 1.	Present Price.	Fall.	Yield. £ s. d.
Consols 2½%	74	73½	½	3 7 6
Local Loans 3%	85	84½	½	3 10 6
Irish Land 2½%	74½	74½	—	3 13 6
Transvaal 3% (1903)	90	88½	1½	3 10 9
India 3½%	91½	91½	—	3 16 0
India 3%	77½	77½	—	3 17 6
Bank of England Stock (9%)	240½	237½	3	4 0 0

It is strange that Transvaal Threes have declined most, because the stock is protected against ultimate depreciation by the obligation on the Government to repay it by 1953. Bank stock has lost three points, and the yield is just equivalent to 4 per cent., allowing for the dividend being paid free of tax, all the others being paid less tax. India 3 per cent. has risen ½, and is still cheaper than the 3½ per cent. stock. Even were the yields exactly similar, the 3 per cent. stock would be preferable, as should a period of cheap money (like that of the 'nineties) come again, the 3 per cent. stock could rise 22 points to par, while the 3½ per cents. could rise about 9, as the Indian Government has the option of repaying on converting the loans after 1948 and 1931, respectively.

BALDWIN'S REPORT.

This report, which has just been issued, does not show any ill-effects of the labor troubles as far as profits are concerned. The company is one of the largest South Wales iron and steel and tin-plate makers and colliery owners, and its immunity is somewhat surprising. Gross profits, before allowing for depreciation, amount to £213,976, as compared with £209,529 last year. A smaller sum has been

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spent on alterations and improvements, but £14,000 more is allowed for depreciation, making these two items in the aggregate amount to £40,000, at which amount it seems to be the policy of the directors to keep the combined figure. Debenture interest absorbs more than it used to, due owing to an increase in the amount of debentures the year before last. Net profits amount to £114,235, against £112,400 last year, and a dividend of 10 per cent. is paid against $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. last year. In each of these two years, £60,000 has been placed to reserve, equal to an additional $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the paid-up ordinary capital. The balance-sheet is, in some respects, a model for industrial companies. It shows the land, buildings, and plant at their book valuation as at the end of the previous year, the additions during the year, and from this sum is shown deducted the total depreciation allowed up to the end of last year, plus the depreciation allowance for the year. The only improvement which might be made would be the separate statement of all capital additions since the original valuation, so that the total depreciation allowances might be compared. A certain amount of complexity is involved, too, in showing the depreciation allowances on freehold property and plant as a deduction from the total of freehold and leasehold property and plant, while on the liabilities side of the balance-sheet, a sinking fund for leasehold depreciation is maintained. This sinking fund, together with that for redemption of debentures, is maintained by means of a sinking fund insurance policy, the premiums paid on which are entered on the assets side. Goodwill stands at £165,186, its original valuation; but the reserve account amounts to £300,000, so that the item is well covered. It is creditable to find the position put forward as clearly as it is, especially as the ordinary share capital is nearly all in private hands, and the directors seem to be thoroughly aware of the importance of sound finance. This makes the company's prior securities the more attractive to the investor. The $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Debenture stock, which will be repaid at par on January 1st, 1938, stands just over par, yielding £4 9s. per cent., and the $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. cumulative £1 Preference shares, at 22s. 6d., return $4\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. These are an attractive industrial investment. In the event of liquidation for reconstruction or amalgamation, these shares are entitled, not only to rank in priority to the ordinary shares for capital, but also to share with them in any surplus assets.

THE MARCONI COMPANY.

In view of the forthcoming inquiry into the circumstances connected with the Marconi contract, and of the fall in the shares which has occurred, it may be useful to run over the history of the company. It is, of course, the oldest wireless company. There are rival systems, and how far the Post Office was justified in not putting the contract to open tender it is not our province to inquire. The Marconi Company, though it is now in a position to carry out all its obligations, has gone through many vicissitudes.

Mr. Marconi, like most inventors, found capital somewhat timid during the period of experiments. His own directors even were a restraining influence, and when he made preparations for the great experiment which was to test whether his ideas of wireless communication across the Atlantic were sound, he had to be content with a minimum outlay on the Poldhu Station. The Canadian Government helped him with £16,000 for the station on the other side, and the success of the system was demonstrated. So recently as 1908, however, the company was raising £250,000 of new capital by an issue of 7 per cent. cumulative Preference shares, entitled, in addition, to share equally with the ordinary shares in further profits, after the ordinary shares should have received 10 per cent. in any year. The Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company, to which this refers, is the parent concern. It owns the manufacturing plant and factories, and the long-distance stations in England and Ireland. These with stocks and a few minor items stand in the latest balance-sheet at £227,000. Cash, debts due, and loans to subsidiary companies, make up £397,000, and the balance of assets, £508,500, is the book-valuation of the shares of associated companies. These shares have a par value of £2,074,724, without including some founders' shares of the French companies. Through these subsidiaries, the Marconi company has control of the development of the Marconi system in Argentina, Canada,

United States, Spain, France, and Russia, in addition to the equipment of sea-going vessels, which is covered by the Marconi International Marine Communication Company. Three of the companies have paid dividends.

The Marconi Company itself, therefore, exhibits a balance-sheet which has quite a strong appearance, though whether that impression is justified depends on the value of the subsidiaries' shares—that is, on the financial position of the companies. Most of them are foreign, and little is known about them over here. It is sufficient to say that if they were all in a position to finance themselves independently of the parent concern, the foreign investor has been more kind to them than has the British investor to the Marconi Company itself. Just recently, of course, the position has undergone a change, the price of the shares in London making it easy for the English company to obtain as much capital as it may require for the group. How little the directors expected the shares to rise to over £9, however, was shown by the issue of new shares at the end of 1911 at £2 each. Had they waited a few months a premium five times as large could have been realised. It even seems as if they were unaware that the profits would permit of a 20 per cent. dividend for 1911. The boom in Marconi shares was accompanied, as is the case with every boom, by wild rumors, and the company was given credit for rights and powers which it has never claimed to possess. Thus the Stock Exchange received quite a shock when the terms of the contract with the Government were at length announced, because the Government retained the right to relinquish the Marconi system for any other at some future time. The directors' circular of last August, too, which, presumably, was issued to reassure shareholders who might have bought at rather high prices, was couched in moderate terms, only insisting on the experience of the company and the inability of any rivals to compete with any hope of success, and the City speculator was disappointed. Apparently he had got the idea that the Marconi company's patents covered the whole principle of wireless telegraphy (in spite of the fact that only the application of a principle, and not the principle itself, can form the subject of a patent) and had expected a bombastic announcement to this effect. The Government contract, after all, is not a very sensational affair, for both sides have been anxious to strike a bargain. The Government has had a taste of the old cable companies, and is unwilling to allow the newer principle to grow up with the same independence of control. The Marconi Company could not hope to expand rapidly in the British Dominions without the aid of the Government, and some arrangement was inevitable. The directors are satisfied they have made a good bargain, for the royalty will not depend on the profit or loss the Government may make. The cable companies will no doubt cut their rates, but the Marconi Company claims to be able to beat them in the matter of cost. The capital required for two long-distance stations is certainly less than that required for a cable. At their present price Marconi shares yield about $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and the price does not seem too high for their possibilities.

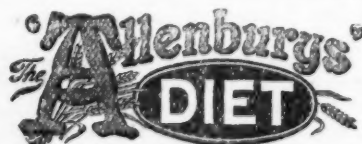
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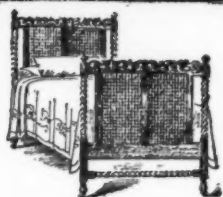
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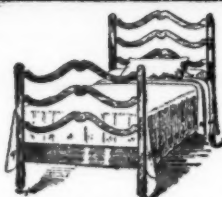
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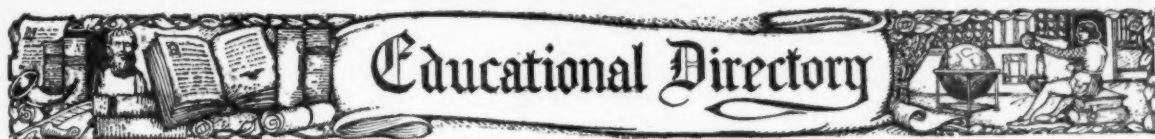
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